HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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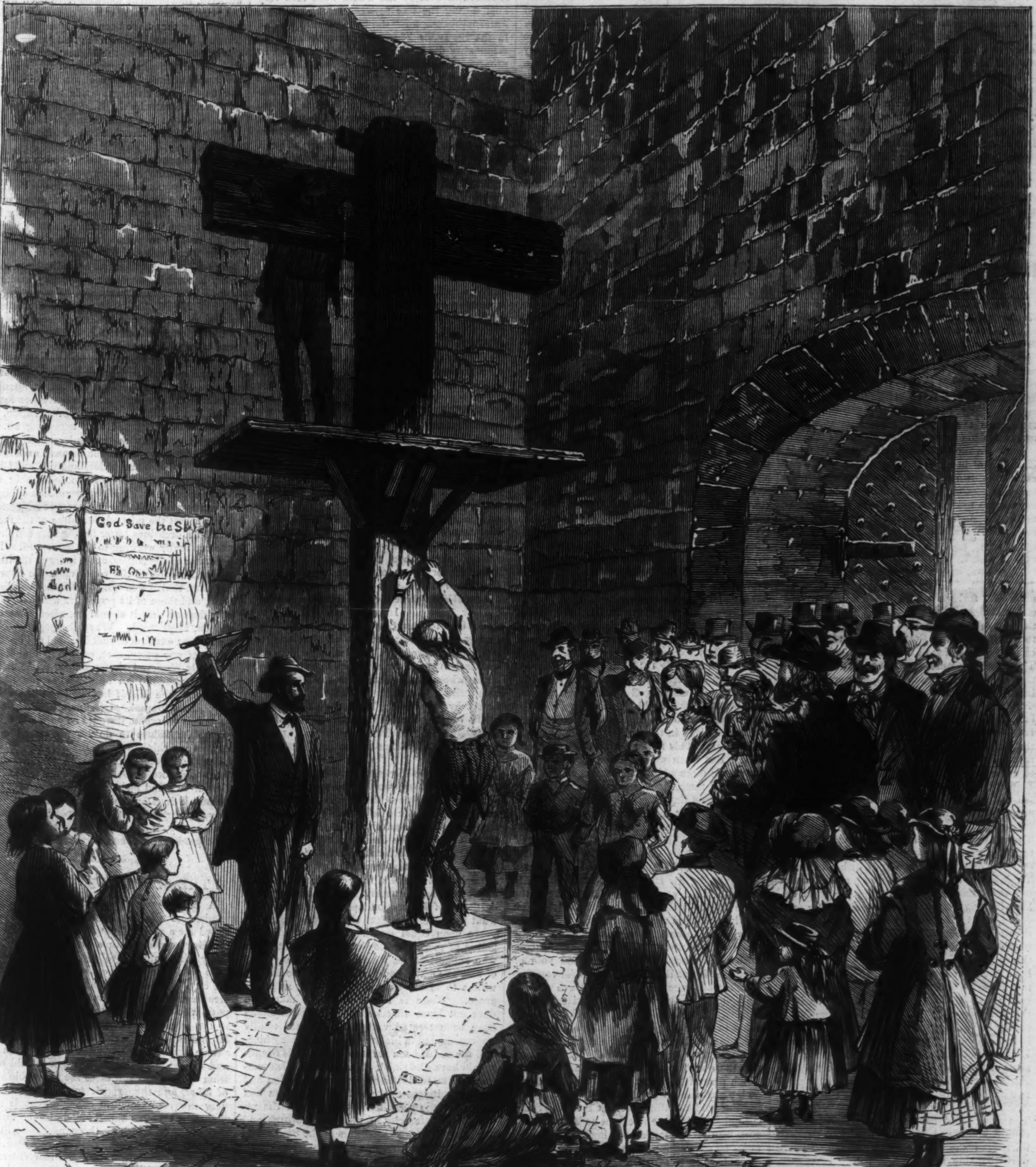


THE WHIPPING-POST AND PILLORY AT NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE.—SKETCHED BY EARL SHINN.—[SEE PAGE 791.]

A785

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 12, 1868.

OUR BRITISH CLAIMS.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet is one thing; the "authentic version" is another. The report published the next morning unquestionably gives the speech as delivered; the "authentic version" may give what was meant to be delivered. That Mr. Johnson said more than he ought to have said is evident, and when Mr. Disraeli remarked that the speech of the American Minister "has prevented the necessity of my imparting to you any Cabinet secrets," there was a sneer which must have sharply stung Mr. Johnson, if he understood it. In any case that gentleman is preparing for himself peculiar discomfort if the utmost expectations of both nations are not satisfied with the results of the diplomacy which Mr. Johnson so loudly celebrates; and he will probably find that it is very much easier to excite the applause of lively gentlemen by a speech after dinner than to satisfy two nations that seriously differ upon points of interest and pride.

The case of the *Alabama* is not a complicated case. It has been curiously mismanaged, and wholly irrelevant issues have been thrust into it. Thus the point which was understood to be strongly pressed by Mr. Seward, that Great Britain must begin by apologizing for recognizing the belligerency of the rebel States, should not have been made a part of the negotiation. The recognition was an unfriendly act, but it was an act of sovereign power, for which there is no remedy but war or an adjustment of the general agreement called international law. Every nation interprets that law or custom at its own pleasure, and, of course, at its own risk. For an unfriendly act we might have peremptorily called Great Britain to account, or have invited a Congress, but we can not expect her to apologize for her interpretation of the law. Moreover, her action recoils terribly upon herself. Her conduct proclaimed the principle that maritime rights may be conceded to a belligerent without a port. That is merely a certificate of piracy, as it proved in our case; and whenever England goes to war the principle of her conduct toward us will annihilate her commerce. She sees this as well as we, and therefore, when the British Government agrees to treat upon the subject of the claims, it virtually confesses the impolicy of its conduct. That Government is more interested than we to renounce its own precedent, and the matter may be left where it is, since it does not involve in any degree the question of our claims for losses by the *Alabama* and other privateers, and merely raises a point of national dignity and honor that no government would surrender upon demand.

Our claims have a very simple and conclusive justification. The Queen's proclamation of neutrality forbade all British subjects to aid either belligerent. Mr. Laird, in contempt of the Queen's order, built a vessel for the rebels, to which the United States Consul and Minister called the attention of the British Government. The Ministers were very reluctantly convinced that they ought to interfere, and after most unfriendly delays they sent an order to forbid the ship to go to sea. The order arrived two hours late, and the ship was gone. After leaving Liverpool she was provisioned and manned from the British territory. She put out to sea and ravaged American commerce. Having no port to enter she burned her prizes, and after the British Government by forbidding her to go to sea had acknowledged that it was its duty to arrest her, the *Alabama* was received at British ports, and was there refitted and supplied. Thus she was built and equipped upon British territory, and was enabled to continue her destruction of our commerce by British assistance. There could be no plainer case; and if, waiving the demand that the impropriety of acknowledging belligerent rights should be conceded, our Government had presented its authenticated demand of damages upon a record which the British Government could not deny, the settlement of the question would already have been much further advanced than it is now likely to be for many years.

It seems to be understood that the basis of the arrangement is to be a mixed commission sitting in Washington and, perhaps, alternately in London to hear claims and settle them. If counter claims are also to be heard, the sessions of the Commission will be endless. The *Alabama* captured twenty-eight ships, twenty-two barks, five brigs, six schooners, the steamer *Ariel*, and the United States gun-boat *Hatteras*. The *Shenandoah* captured thirty-eight vessels, mostly ships and barks. The *Florida* took thirty-six; the *Sumter* twenty-seven. There were probably three hundred craft of various kinds captured by the rebel privateers, and the consequent work of the Commission may be imagined. Of course, under the present circumstances, no better plan of adjustment is to be expected. But Great Britain and every great power will have learned a useful lesson from the consequences of the foolish and unfriendly precipitancy of a Government which committed itself against us before the Minister of the United States known to be in England had arrived in London.

THE VOTING IN GEORGIA.

Last week we stated the facts of the election in Louisiana, showing how complete was the terrorism over loyal voters in that State. The majority for Mr. Seymour was obtained by preventing the opposition vote. This was the plan of James M. Mason when the vote upon secession was to be taken in Virginia. "Take care," said that worthy Democrat and rebel chief, "that any body votes against secession at his peril." The same Democratic method was followed in Louisiana. Colonel Keeler, who is a staff-officer of General Rousseau, recently arrived in Washington and stated that the Republicans did not generally vote because they were advised by their leaders not to attempt to do so for fear of a massacre; and the Colonel frankly confesses that General Rousseau concurred in this view, and was conscious that he had not force enough to preserve the peace at the polls. By whom was that peace threatened? By those who, out of a registration of more than twenty thousand in the city of New Orleans, cast less than three hundred votes, or by those who cast nearly thirty thousand? The party of violence and disorder and rebellion in this country is not the party that has elected General Grant President.

This week we have the report from Georgia. There are 200,918 registered voters in the State. Last April there were 159,883 votes cast for Governor, of which the Republican candidate, Bullock, received 7171 majority. The number of white voters disqualified in April who voted in November is estimated at from 10,000 to 20,000. In November there were 159,414 votes cast, and Seymour's majority was 46,242. The great bulk of the vote for Grant was in the sections where there was military protection. A careful analysis of the vote shows that a section of eleven counties, containing 7823 registered votes, with a white majority of only 705, polled 4891 votes for Governor in April, and 4116 for President in November. The majority for the Democratic Governor was 919; that for President 4116, the whole of the vote polled in November. Is it not remarkable that in eleven counties, with 3559 colored voters and with a vote only 775 less than in April, not one man, white or colored, voted for General Grant? Is it more likely that all who voted for the Republican Governor in the spring have changed their minds, or that their votes were changed after they were cast?

In another section of eleven counties, which contains 10,727 registered voters and 853 colored majority, there were 8118 votes polled in April, and in November 5584, being 2534 less than in April, and of these votes there were but 87 for Grant. One of these counties gave Bullock, the Republican Governor, 1222 votes in April and Grant 1 vote in November. In the twenty-two counties of these two sections which gave Bullock nearly 3000 votes Grant received 87. A similar investigation shows that in forty-four counties, including the two sections already named, the whole registration was 43,105, and the colored majority 1615. In April there were 30,750 votes polled, and in November only 23,506. The Democratic Gordon's majority was only 2196 in April, and in November, with 7244 less votes, Seymour's majority is 20,188, while Grant received in the forty-four counties only 1659 votes. This is the region of the Camilla riots. But when we reach the sections where there were more white Republicans we find that they voted themselves and gave moral support to the colored Republicans. The survey shows conclusively that the colored vote was largely changed in the boxes or coerced; and we trust that neither the electoral vote of Georgia nor of Louisiana will be received without the most searching investigation. General Rousseau's statement, by his staff-officer, of his inability with the force at his command to keep the peace at the polls, and his acknowledgment that he approved the action of the Republican party in threatened places in yielding to the terror and declining to vote, should be conclusive testimony that the reported vote of Louisiana is not the will of the lawful voters.

In the presence of such facts as these we hope the quieter and well-disposed citizens of the Southern States understand why there is such doubt in the feeling of the loyal States as to the condition at the South. It is not because it is supposed there are no peaceful and orderly persons there who deprecate the constant confusion which prevails, but because a region must be judged by those who control it, and the controlling public sentiment of the Southern States is represented by such persons as Wade Hampton, who recommends coercing political opponents by starvation, and whose political friends are able to establish such terrorism as has been seen in Louisiana, or to nullify votes as seen in Georgia.

It would be extremely foolish to be blind to such a situation, or amiably to assume that every thing will be serene because there are good people who wish that serenity should prevail. If it be evident that order and fair play in the Southern States will not be secured if the national supervision is wholly removed, the duty of the Government is plain. It is very unfortunate that the States will not protect the rights of all their citizens, and that they can not wisely be left to the remedy of the courts and the local authorities. But it would be more than unfortunate—it would be criminal for the Government of the United States to abandon its citizens in any State where such is the situation. What is called peace might have been had at any time by allowing the Wade Hamptons to have the exclusive control of affairs. But the quiet that reigns at Warsaw is not the peace which this country intends to have.

HATRED AND CONCILIATION.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks of the "fanatical hostility toward the South" which is shown by some prominent politicians in this country. Mr. George H. Pendleton and other gentlemen who were in favor of allowing the rebellion to destroy the Union were also very loud during the late canvass in demanding a fraternal feeling for "the South;" and we find in the St. Louis *Times* a vehement charge of criminality directed against this paper and its proprietors, as attempting to "convert the South into a terrestrial hell," and "ministering to the worst passions of ignorance." This is very foolish talk for sensible persons. We have waged constant and unsparing war upon those political and social principles which have plunged this country into the extremest suffering and peril. We have never underrated their dangerous power and inflexible purpose, nor have we ever doubted the ingenuity and the persistence of the chief representatives of those principles. By every means at our command we have sought to expose the real situation, and to incite an opposition as profound and steady as the determination of those who seem to us hostile to the highest welfare of the country.

We have had very little respect for what is called a policy of "conciliation," because we have been conscious that we cherished no vindictive feeling, and that "conciliation" is merely a mask of surrender. The Philadelphia Convention was a movement of "conciliation," and we did not doubt from the first that it would be what it proved to be, an attempt to confuse the public mind as to the actual situation, so that the country would be cheated of the real result of the war. The whole Johnson policy was "conciliation," and it meant precisely the same thing. The demand of the Democratic Convention led by ex-rebels, for peace and good-will, was the same attempt renewed. "Conciliation" is a word which means politically at this time declining to insist upon what was fairly won in the war. We are opposed to any such policy. The great cause of the war, as Mr. Reverdy Johnson confessed in London, was Slavery. The friends of Slavery lost, and we are for holding them to their loss. Now the loss of Slavery is not merely the technical emancipation of slaves, it is the readjustment, upon the republican principle, of the States in which Slavery existed. It is the removal of every thing based upon Slavery, except the social feeling which no law, which only time and reason, can remove. "Conciliation" which consists in leaving to the mercy of the masters the slaves whom the defeat of the masters freed is inconceivable nonsense. Yet this is what is meant by "fraternity," and the other smooth words used by the conservatism that palliated rebellion, and opposition to so stupid and suicidal a policy is "fanatical hostility" toward the South.

The St. Louis *Times* undertakes to assert the mildness of slavery before the war. In doing so it merely imitates the folly of General Lee in saying that there is no ill feeling between the late slaves and the late masters. The black codes of the Johnson régime and the treatment of the colored voters during the late campaign, the massacres of New Orleans, of Memphis, of Camilla, and elsewhere, are the answer to that statement, even if history were destitute of instruction upon the point. But what we declare is, that the establishment of peace upon equal rights at the South is the policy of mere common-sense, and that those who support it are wholly free from any kind of hostile feeling and from any wish to subject whites to blacks as a punishment or as a disgrace. There is not a Southern man who does not know that he and all his neighbors have been treated with a forbearance totally unprecedented in history—a forbearance which, had the result been reversed, he and his friends would have disdained. The feeling of Jefferson Davis, for instance, toward the Union and its loyal citizens expressed in his Atlanta and other Georgia speeches at the close of the rebellion; the ferocity of men like Toombs and the other Democratic leaders at the South during the late canvass, has no counterpart whatever among loyal men any where. Indeed, it it was very slowly and almost reluctantly that they saw the necessity of securing the legitimate results of the war without the least help from the defeated party, notwithstanding its loud protestation of acquiescence. And there is no fear that "hatred" will inspire any other policy that they may adopt. Yet we trust that our friends are prepared, as we are, to hear every measure that may be necessary to secure justice and equal rights in the disturbed States denounced as intended "to convert the South into a terrestrial hell."

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

The New York *Times* promptly denies the story that Mr. Raymond and Mr. Weed were to buy the Washington *Intelligencer* and make it the "organ" of President Grant. The daring and absurd violation of every probability in such a statement was truly admirable. That General Grant would have an "organ" was a laughable conceit; and that Mr. Thurlow Weed would be its resident editor in Washington, and Mr. Raymond its corresponding editor in New York, was a suggestion of pure comedy. Indeed, as the Chicago *Tribune*, in a late admirable article, very truly asserts, "organs" are played out. Independent journalism is becoming a power which it never was before; for, hitherto, independent journals have been without principle or purpose except of the most selfish kind, or they have been merely masked batteries. The consideration of great public questions upon grounds of the highest expediency, and with experience, sagacity, and ample information, has certainly not been universal among our newspapers hitherto; while the treatment of General Grant by the *World*, during the late canvass, shows the pitiable means to which a merely partisan journal, however able, will resort.

But independence of political action and expression, whether in a newspaper or elsewhere, does not imply indifference to parties. Political results in a free country will be attained only by great parties, and the sympathy of every intelligent man will be given to that party which seems to him to promise most for the public progress and welfare. Yet parties need criticism and restraint as much as individuals, and every honorable party-man will gladly welcome both. This has always seemed to us the excellence of *The Nation*—a paper of which we have spoken more than once. Certain circumstances at its beginning added to the peculiar independence of its management have, however, exposed it to the decided hostility of many strong Radicals who can not forgive its satire upon what it considers radical unreason and extravagance. This hostility has lately led to a correspondence which has excited a good deal of attention, as the editor was charged with accepting an increase of capital with the understanding that the paper was to be in some sense an organ, and then violating the understanding; and General Butler went so far as to assert that the *Nation* opposed his election because he opposed the increase of capital from the source suggested.

We regret the misunderstanding of the facts, because it occasions bitter feeling between those who are really working to the same end. But the editor of the *Nation*, as we knew at the time, assumed control of the paper upon the express condition that it was not to be an organ of any kind; and those of its projectors who had earnestly desired that it should be, after some discussion, acquiesced. When the paper was issued it was announced that it would not be "the organ of any party, sect, or body," and it has faithfully observed that promise, while it has been so powerful an auxiliary of the liberal cause that the *World* has called it the ablest Republican journal. Of course if it had been started as an organ, it would be perfectly fair to expose its failure to do its prescribed duty. But, as we think, very fortunately it was not. Indeed no accomplished and able man, who proposes to devote himself to journalism, will bind himself to grind an organ if he can make an honorable livelihood otherwise; and while, as we said, parties must do the political work of the country, if they would do it wisely, they must produce and encourage their own critics.

THE "SCUM" OF THE CITY

A demagogue is a man who deliberately panders to the passion and ignorance of a crowd for a political purpose. Mr. Hoffman, the Governor-elect, in a late speech at Tammany Hall, alludes to something which had been said in the *Tribune* about "the scum of the city." Those words have a very intelligible meaning. There is no intelligent man, we suppose, who does not understand them. But this is the interpretation put upon them for Mr. Hoffman: "Go to the work-shops where the people work from early morn to late in the day, and when the sun is setting wash in cold water from their hands and faces the honorable stains of labor, and then repair to their homes, and very many of them to evening schools to fit themselves better for their duties as citizens and men. Go with me there, and you will find the *scum* of New York, as they are called."

This is rather pitiful for the new Governor. Mr. Hoffman knows just as well as we do that these are *not* the persons who were called the scum of New York. He knows that the class described by that term are such persons as Larkin and Campbell and O'Baldwin and their associates: men who do not wash their hands of the stains of honest labor and go to evening-schools, but who stagger in a frenzy of drink into saloons and grog-shops; who colonize and repeat and bully at the polls; who are midnight brawlers and July rioters; and who murder or are murdered in drunken rows. No man knows better than Mr. Hoffman, for he has been Recorder, that there is a criminal class in the city, a worthless and dangerous class, and that they are intended by the words "scum of the city." When, therefore, he declares that the words are applied to orderly and industrious and intelligent citizens, he says what every body else knows to be untrue, and what every body feels that he says merely to excite passion and prejudice. A gentleman who is to be Governor of the State of New York should remember that his words publicly uttered attract attention; and he should therefore refrain from saying what he knows will merely move the contempt of intelligent men, or he should beg the newspapers not to report his speeches.

THE RECENT SPECULATIONS.

The reason which some one wittily gave for not purchasing Erie, that the Company printed it faster than he could purchase it, illustrates one of the dangers to which speculators are exposed; but there is, in the mode of the operation, a still more important warning. In each late instance of the issue of this stock it has been preceded by large sales of it by those who were let into the secret, the purchasers having no knowledge of the intention, and supposing that the stock would be supplied to them from the quantity in existence at the time of the sale. After accepting large quantities the latter begin to suspect that stock has been created for the purpose, and when their pockets are sufficiently depleted the fact of a new issue is made known, to their utter dismay. It is not difficult to decide that a sale founded on this secret knowledge, and not communicated, is a clear violation of honor which the Stock Exchange should annul. The transaction not only could not be maintained in law, but each purchaser thus deceived would have redress if the old and established maxims of law have not passed out of the memory of an elective Judiciary. It may be that the Stock Exchange is now the safer place to have a corrective applied. If the hope is entertained that the Board can have any standing with the public, they will not longer be parties to a mode of dealing which will necessarily drive out of the market such outsiders as decline to put their fortunes at hazard when the dealer is allowed to fix the cards. We hear from all quarters that few orders to purchase stocks are given. This dullness is due to the danger which recent transactions have developed.

We are not entitled to give advice to hardened speculators, and indulge in these observations not so much with a view of correcting disgraceful habits as to point out to those who are engaged in other pursuits the immense danger that results from dealing in stocks. A code of laws has been adopted in Wall Street which places the unwary at disadvantage, and the fear is wide-spread that the bench itself is not wholly free from these influences. In the quiet of every good home a tone is perceived which fixes upon those who engage in such dealings, and still more decisively upon those who are not swift to afford an adequate remedy, the just rebuke which these great violations of honor and law require.

It has been too much the habit for solid men in every part of the Union, when idle capital is lying upon their hands, to invest it temporarily in some speculative stock, in the hope that it may speedily advance. Large fortunes have been lost in the attempt either to protect a purchase thus carelessly made, or by new operations to recover the first loss. The original step is justly regarded as the "assertion of a principle of conduct involving the threat of its repetition." In nothing is this rule so constantly proved as in operations of this nature, and particularly when slight profits at first accrue.

To those who are cursed with a taste for gambling it will be difficult to present any reasonings which have weight. It is merely possible that the discovery of the pernicious code of honor which prevails, and the uncertainty, if it is no worse, in obtaining redress against a fraudulent sale, may induce caution if not repentance where ruin is the certain result.

An examination into the motives of those who speculate in stocks will disclose a tendency which is inconsistent with true happiness, or with delightful intercourse among men. It is founded on a desire to procure wealth, not as the fruit of honorable toil, but from the sweat and toil of others. All the wealth which has been created is the result of the aggregate industry of the world, and when it is procured we obtain what labor has produced. To arrive at independence by giving a fair equivalent in the shape of industry the most skillful, or by mental efforts of a high order in the practice of pursuits beneficial to the world, confers honor and happiness, and is consistent with those laws which must govern each individual if he expects to receive the approval which is valuable above all other. In the long run it is true policy to adhere earnestly to whatever good business one may have chosen. The large fortune of a great merchant whose career is a matter of astonishment to the thousands who have witnessed its rise from the smallest beginnings, and its rapid progress, is due in great part to the firmest resistance throughout his entire career to go outside of his regular business on suggestions that fortunes could thus be grasped.

But what justification can the thousands have to enter into speculation who occupy positions of trust or employment which they may wield to the injury of their principals? In the light of the example afforded in the management of the Erie Railroad those will be considered exceedingly *green* who suppose that a director of a company, or an officer of a bank, or a clerk in a merchant's counting-room should know that these valuable employments are inconsistent with habits of speculation. The stockholders or employers, the real parties in interest, make their appointments to secure an honest attention to duty, and would instantly displace every servant tainted with this habit. It is therefore a fraud upon the trust either to use, or permit the use by friends, of corporate funds in this manner. A person standing in these relations to others can not without indelicacy or violating confidence use even his own funds in this manner. His time, his judgment, his sagacity, his foresight, these belong to trusting stockholders or employers. They are diverted to other objects when speculation in Wall Street is pursued.

The great mass of men throughout the United States are engaged in some form of substantial industry. They constitute the solid portion of the country, and maintain unchanged the old habits and opinions which generations of honest people have transmitted to our time. They look with horror upon these recent revelations, which they regard as a stain upon our land. The honest yeomanry of the country, in tones not to be misunderstood, nobly stood up for the right in the recent election, and although overpowered by frauds in this State, they were successful throughout the Union, and will effectually place their lasting condemnation upon those who are known to have violated important trusts.

Great works are in progress, some of them stretching across the Continent, and it is not to be concealed that a painful solicitude is felt as to what the future may disclose. The gains which may temporarily arise from mismanagement are as nothing compared with the censures that will be pronounced against those who fail in these places to protect the great interests committed to their charge. They will find that there is virtue enough still left to control the vice which prevails, however extensively it may seem to prevail.

THE SITUATION IN SPAIN.

Spain presents an extraordinary spectacle. One of the worst monarchies in Europe has been peacefully overthrown in that country; the Queen, apparently without a single regret, has been exiled: for many weeks an impromptu government has kept the peace: and now it has submitted the question of the future form of government to the people, and immense popular meetings are held in the great cities, some favoring a republic and others a monarchy. What secret intrigues are meanwhile going on we do not, of course, know; but the spectacle is unprecedented in history. Victor Hugo and Mazzini and Garibaldi, the three Democratic chiefs of Europe, have each issued an address to the people of Spain, telling them what "the world" expects—by which they mean their own ardent hearts. Garibaldi, who descends to more detail than his brethren, suggests a Dictator for two years and then a Republic. Victor Hugo and Mazzini are in this, at least, wiser than Garibaldi, that they demand a republic at once. And why postpone it for two years? The Spaniards will not be educated into a republic by two years of dictatorship more than by centuries of monarchy; and to decree the republic two years hence is practically to decree it now.

There seems as yet to be no man who plainly controls the situation even as Lamartine did in France for a few weeks in 1848. General Prim, who is the chief figure of the revolution, has declared for a monarchy, and is supposed not to be unwilling to wear the crown himself; but there is an active, if not numerous, republican party opposed to him. Indeed, nothing would show the unfitness of Prim as a leader more than his reported willingness to be king. He ought to know that there has been but one royal family founded in modern times, and that was the result of marvelous power and a dazzling career. Royalty at this time, when thrones are every where tottering, and, like Isabella's, quietly tumbling down, demands a more bewildering prestige than any living man can give it. If Spain is to have a king it must be from an old royal stock, not from a new family. Even Cromwell felt that he could not be king.

The election of the Assembly, which will be virtually a decision of the question, takes place before the holidays; and an election of more peculiar interest has never taken place.

THE GEORGIA QUESTION.

The Georgia question is interesting, and will require instant attention from Congress. The Fourteenth Amendment was adopted in that State by a Legislature, many of whose members were disqualified from sitting in the Legislature by the amendment itself. The disqualified members then expelled thirty of those who had voted for the amendment upon the ground that they were disqualified by the negro laws of Georgia. If therefore Congress recognizes the latter action, the amendment has never been legally adopted, even in the rebel view; and if it adheres to the terms of the amendment, it will reject the votes of those whom the amendment disqualifies.

The intention of the Reconstruction laws was plain. It was to secure to Georgia and the other States a Republican form of Government, as the Constitution requires. If therefore the new Constitution of Georgia arbitrarily disqualifies any innocent class of voters from holding office, or discriminates against their equality of right in any way, it is void as not being republican. If any State law excludes them, it is unconstitutional and void. Congress, of course, does not propose that its purpose shall be defeated. It is not playing a game of wits with lawyers. When therefore Senators Miller and Hill present their credentials, it will be the duty of Congress to look into the whole subject; and we have very little doubt that its investigation will show the stringent necessity of a uniform rule of suffrage throughout the country. It is preposterous that a citizen of the United States in Vermont should be stigmatized as unfit to be a citizen of the United States in Georgia or in New York.

The whole subject of the suffrage is very ill understood in the country, and we have seen no more admirable and conclusive treatment of it than a little pamphlet upon *Our Democratic Republic* by Howard M. Jenkins, of Delaware—a State in which the folly of the present system is most poignantly felt. The theory that the States only can control the suffrage is a theory which defies the most vital provisions of the Constitution; and the astonishing assertion of Senator Trumbull that "a Republican government does not depend upon the number of people who participate in the primary election of representatives" is a direct denial of the American principle that governments justly exist only by the consent of the governed.

A WORTHY OBJECT.

The Rev. Daniel Watkins appeals to the sympathy of the public in behalf of the Manual Labor School of the colored citizens of Tennessee. It has been chartered by the State, and $15,000 have been subscribed by the citizens of the State of every political and religious party. The Board of Trustees have purchased a tract of land, consisting of 300 acres, in Rutherford County, 27 miles south from Nashville, and 3 miles north from Murfreesborough, a portion of which is fenced in, and 135 acres are put under cultivation this year, yielding, in corn, 3200 bushels; cotton, 7½ bales; sorghum, 1500 gallons; estimated worth, $2800. There are over one hundred pupils already on the ground, but there are not sufficient buildings nor farming implements, to say nothing of what is needed for the school-rooms, manufacturing and mechanical branches; so the Board has thought it best to send an agent North to make known the facts, and ask such assistance as friends may be willing and able to give. Mr. Watkins has the most cordial recommendation from General George H. Thomas, Governor Brownlow, and other State officers and citizens of Tennessee, and from many well-known gentlemen in Philadelphia and New York. We add our hearty commendation of his appeal.

LITERARY.

"Tablets," by A. Bronson Alcott (Roberts Brothers). This is a beautiful book in type, paper, printing, and binding, and it is the work of a serene and beautiful nature. It is a series of essays upon topics ranging from sweet herbs to embryons and immortality, revealing a wide acquaintance with the best literature, a mystic and optimistic view of man and nature, and remarkable literary skill. Mr. Alcott's chief admirer hitherto is Mr. Emerson; but no man can escape the influence of the moral sweetness and purity and repose that breathe from these pages. The book argues no points, defends no theories, but commends itself by its wisdom and insight, and will become a permanent part of our literature.

There will be no more superb and intrinsically valuable book of the holiday season than "The Little Passion of Albert Durer," reproduced in fac-simile and edited by W. C. Prime. (J. W. Bouton, New York.) Upon the editor's part it is a labor of knowledge and of love, and a more satisfactory work is not often seen. The book comprises a brief and admirable introductory essay upon wood-engraving, and of Albert Durer's work in that way, followed by the thirty-seven cuts representing incidents in the life of Christ, designed by Durer, executed by him or under his immediate supervision, and now reproduced "from the original impressions" by photographic process and printing, by the New York Lithographing, Engraving, and Printing Company. Those who are especially interested in art and its history know the peculiar value of this work, and the genius of the master, and can appreciate the very great service which Mr. Prime has done to the good cause of æsthetic culture. But the series will equally commend itself to every man who can perceive force and beauty and profound passion in engraving. The sublimity of the story is never lost in the quaintness of the aspect under which it is presented; and as "the time draws near the birth of Christ," there is no one who will not highly prize this vigorous and famous, yet practically new, version of the great story. Apart from its essential interest, we hope that our readers will not fail to see so tasteful and beautiful a book.

WOMAN'S MODERN ASPIRATIONS.

I tell thee what we want, a clearer space,
More breathing room, some stirring work to do!
"To climb life's hill"—how well you state the case!
Those climb the hill who would enjoy the view.
If true strength lies in a calm nothingness,
Then idiots are all mighty men, I guess.

Soft compliments, indeed, and well expressed!
Love, music, flowers, and other useless matters
Suit our rich sisters. Tell me, are the rest—
The thousand poor ones—still to starve in tatters?
'Tis masculine to doctor, lecture, quibble;
Must women be content to teach or scribble?

"Man hath his fitting tasks"—I grant you so!
And those tasks bring him good substantial payment;
While woman treads the same dull world of woe,
But scarcely gains enough for food and raiment
She, working hard, is buried among paupers—
He leaves a fortune to his sons and daughters.

"Our heritage of light" sounds really charming!
But yet it brings no money year by year.
Now, were it so with physic, preaching, farming,
You masculines would soon feel rather queer.
Perchance we beat you in our pious notions;
Still, women can't *exist* on their devotions.

To rule the heart of man 's not our ambition,
We can not keep our own in proper trim;
Thus, you would place us in an odd position—
Failing at home, can we bamboozle him?
Such small intrigue may give a moment's fun.
But, when the prize is gained, what have we won?

Thank God! you can't bring back the Middle Ages,
Or make us quite forget our A B C.
Prate as you may, some women have been sages,
And so in future times they yet shall be!
Not resting, minus soul, beside the mountain—
The sweetest flowers grow high by wisdom's fountain.

At best all life contains its share of trial—
Neath freedom's sunlight men can brave the gloom!
Our path, perforce, is strewn with self-denial;
Can we gaze patiently upon our doom?
To serve, to nurse, to tutor, and for all this
To get sometimes a patronizing kiss.

Then let us still be pure, good, and trusting—
No harm to wish us just a trifle wiser?
A woman not a woman is disgusting,
But independence don't make me despise her.
So, when she's homeless, friendless, and a-weary,
Grant work, with gold, or life will be but dreary.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Alabama Legislature is discussing bills for the abolition of Ku-Klux violence. The bills make it indictable for any person to appear in a mask, and if any person shoots one who is masked after dark it is to be considered no crime. The time of imprisonment for being disguised is from one to two years.

Attorney-General Evarts has given it as his opinion that the Eight-Hour Law can not govern the price to be paid for a day's labor, which must depend entirely on the value of the work rendered.

General Grant has submitted to the Secretary of War his report as commander of the armies. It is very brief, recommending the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department, and states that a further reduction of the army at present is not advisable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Later returns from the English elections indicate a diminution of the Liberal majority. In the manufacturing districts the anti-popery excitement was violent, and an attempt was made to intimidate Liberal voters. The result of this violence will doubtless lead to the agitation of the question of modifying the mode of election by introducing the ballot.

Another mine explosion has taken place in the Arley mine colliery near Wigan, in which fifty-seven persons lost their lives.

Disraeli has refused the peerage; his wife has been created Viscountess of Beaconfields.

From France we learn that the Emperor's health is failing. The excitement consequent upon the prosecution of the editors of various Parisian journals was very great. The editor of the *Réveil* has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment, with a fine of 2000 francs: the editors of the *Tribune* and *L'Avenir* to pay a fine of 2000 francs each; and the editors of the *Temps* and *Journal de Paris* to pay a fine of 1000 francs each, for publishing articles encouraging the subscription for the monument to Baudin.

M. Pierre Antoine Berryer, the celebrated French advocate, died November 28, in his seventy-eighth year.

In Spain the elections for members of the Cortes are to be held on December 18. The continuation of the period of suspense has been very prejudicial to the interests of peace. The strength of the Republican faction has been allowed time to develop itself; and apprehensions of a violent collision between Republicans and Monarchists are increasing.

Our latest advices from Paraguay inform us that the Brazilians were about to attack Lopez at Villeta with a flanking column of 12,000 men. There was to be a simultaneous attack by Marshal Caxias's fleet upon the river batteries.

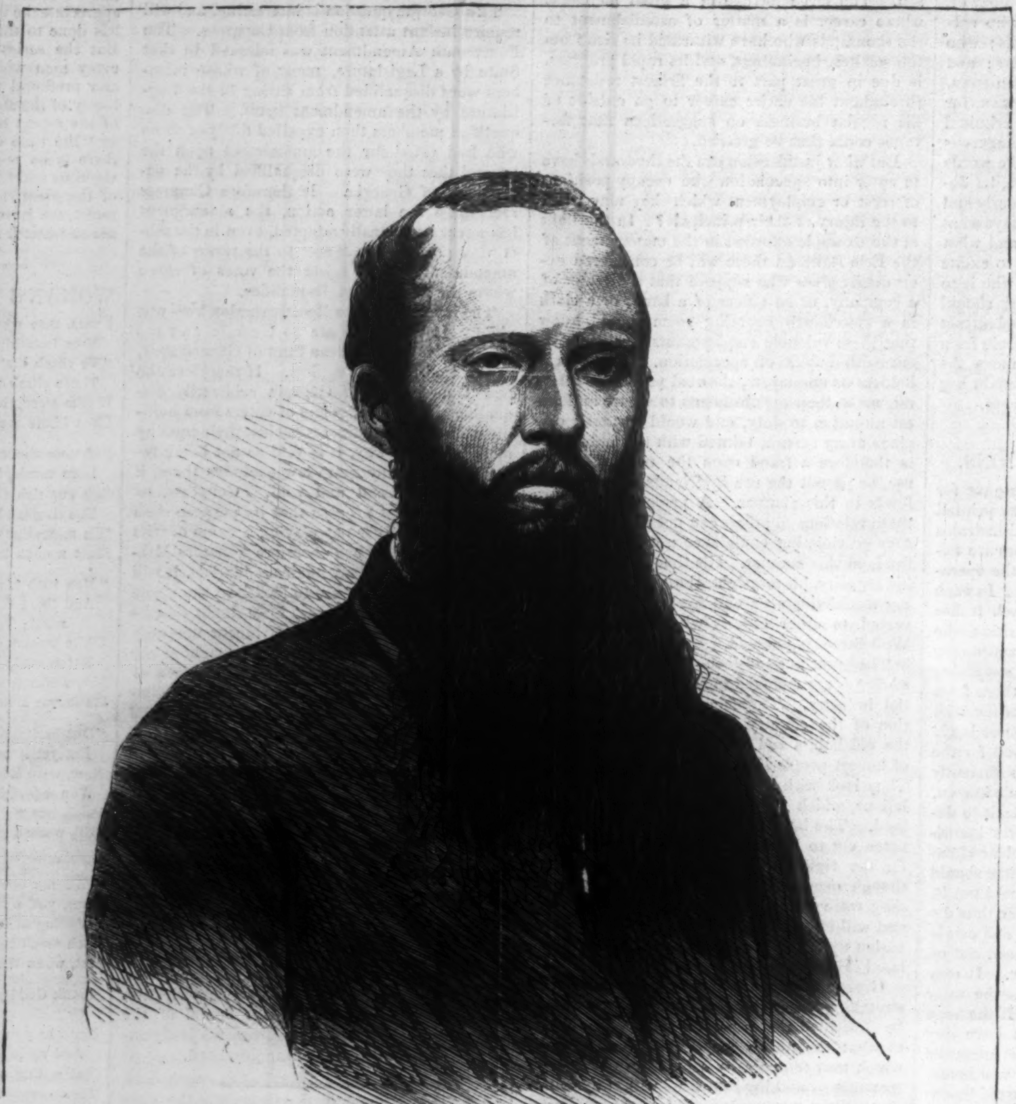
General M'Mahon, our Minister to Paraguay, and Admiral Davis have been instructed by Secretary Seward to demand and obtain prompt redress for the late outrage inflicted upon American citizens by President Lopez.

Mount Etna is in a state of eruption.

H. RIVES POLLARD.

The assassination of H. Rives Pollard, Esq., at Richmond, on the 24th of November, has awakened throughout the country a sensation of aversion for the murderer mingled with detestation for the victim. In Richmond, however, the latter sentiment is uppermost, and the assassin, upon his arrest, was cheered in the streets as if he were a hero.

H. Rives Pollard was a native of Virginia, having been born at Alta Vista, in Nelson County, about 30 miles from Lynchburg. He was the son of Major Richard Pollard, an officer in the United States army. He completed his education at the Virginia Military Institute, and held a clerkship for some time in the Post-Office Department in Washington. He was connected with a newspaper in Leavenworth, Kansas, during the troubles in that Territory, and with the Baltimore *Sun* as news editor when the war commenced. He first became known to the public as the editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, the newspaper of the late J. M. Daniels. His writings, sharp and trenchant, were often bitter and personal. After the suppression of the rebellion Mr. Pollard revived the *Examiner*, which was subsequently allied with the *Times*, and after a brief and unsuccessful career was wholly suspended. While the proprietor of this paper he had a personal rencontre in the lobby of the Virginia State House with Messrs. Tyler and Coleman, of the Richmond *Enquirer*, during which several pistol shots were fired. It is somewhat over a year ago that the deceased started the *Southern Opinion*, a paper representing the extreme political sentiments of the South. Having received a threatening letter from two officers of the United States army, who had or were about to fight a duel, and who had no desire that the particulars should be published, Mr. Pollard informed General Schofield and had the parties arrested. This was the last time that he was brought prominently before the public previous to his death. Mr. Pollard was about 35 years of age. He was about five feet ten inches high, had black eyes and dark complexion, and wore a heavy black beard, which had not been trimmed for years. His manner was cordial to all friends, haughty to foes, and reserved to those with whom he was slightly acquainted.



H. RIVES POLLARD, ASSASSINATED NOVEMBER 24, 1868.—[Photographed by C. R. Rees & Co., Richmond, Virginia.]

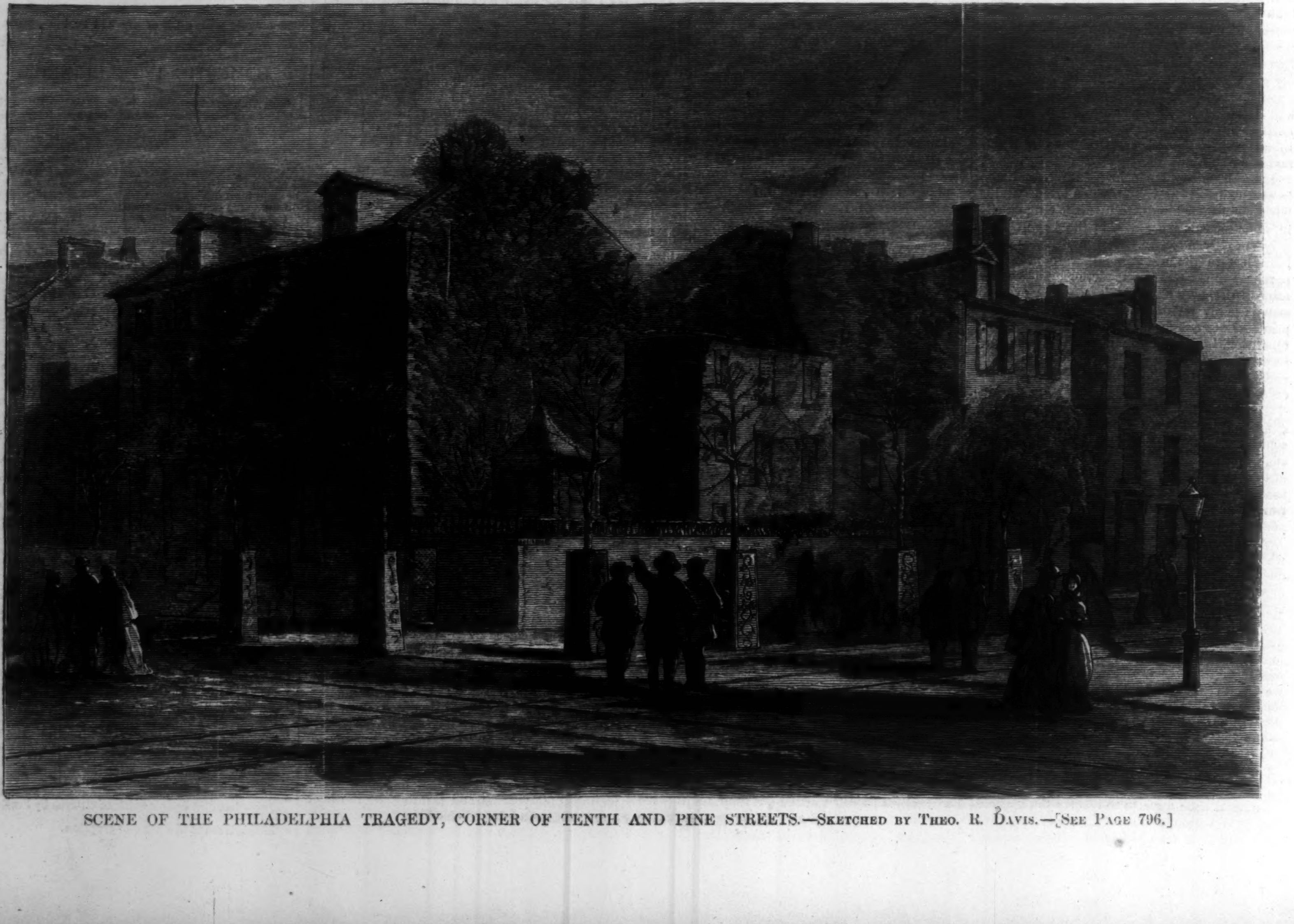
Mr. Pollard was the brother of Edward A. Pollard, author of "The Lost Cause." He was, as we have above stated, the editor of the *Southern Opinion*. On the Saturday previous to his death an article was printed in that paper reflecting upon the character of a daughter of William H. Grant, a wealthy tobacconist in Richmond. The article was purposely insolent; and it is certain that Mr. Pollard would have shot at sight the editor of any journal which had thus shamefully insulted his own sister. James Grant, the brother of the girl, moved by a similar feeling, shot Mr. Pollard on the morning of the 24th as the latter was entering his office at about 10 o'clock. The shot was fired from a third-story window opposite, from a double-barreled gun loaded with buckshot. Mr. Pollard fell upon his face and immediately expired. It is said that Pollard's paper has recently assailed a number of people in Richmond in a very coarse manner, and this fact accounts for the spirit manifested by the citizens toward the assassin.

Mr. Edward A. Pollard, who left New York for Richmond as soon as he received intelligence of the murder, published a card on the 26th, claiming justice for his brother. He asserts truly that the murder was committed in the most cowardly manner, and that the article in question was not written by his brother.

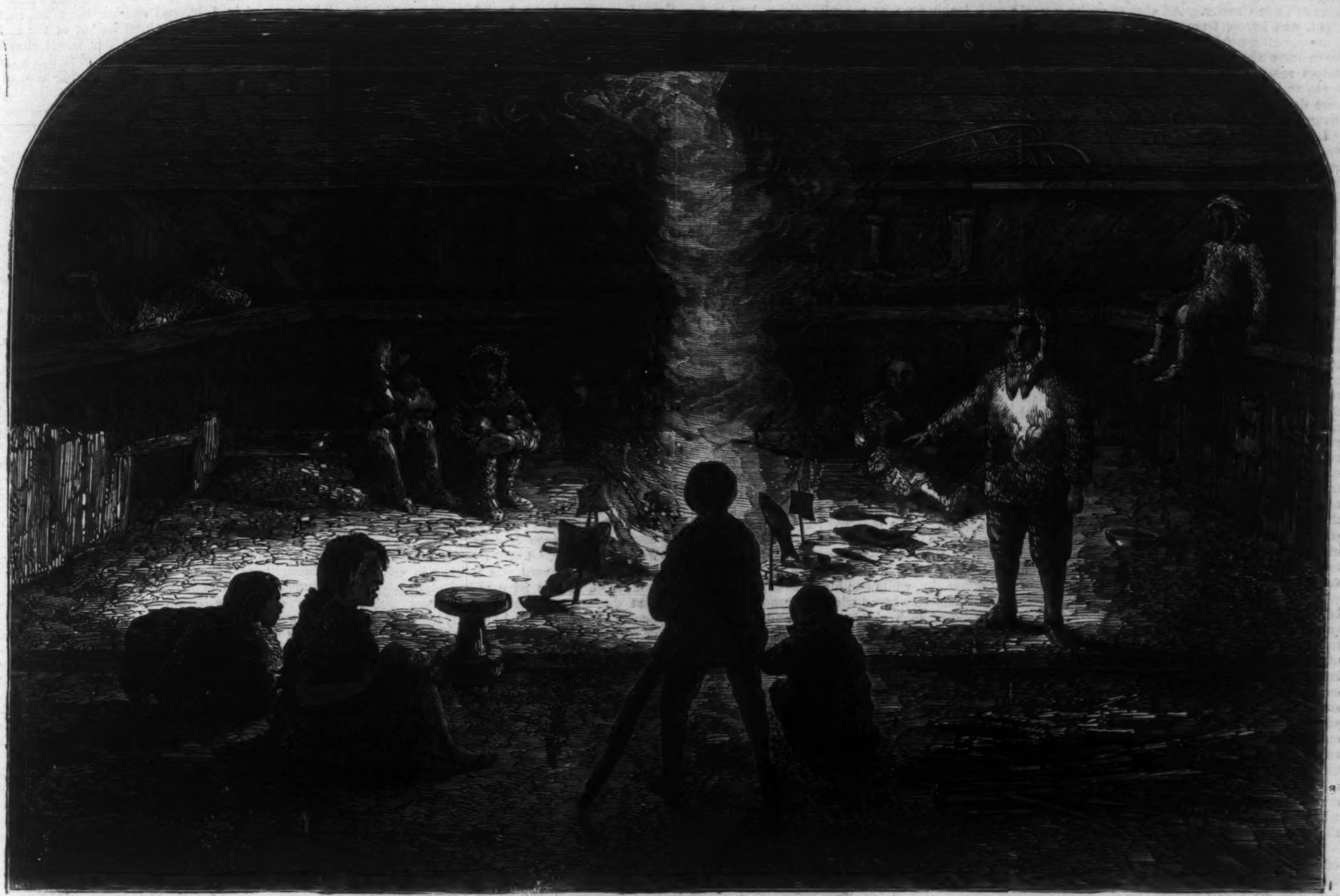
INTERIOR OF AN ALASKA HUT.

The Indians of the country lately called Russian America, the peninsula opposite Kamtschatka, on the east side of Behring Strait, which has now become a Territory of the United States Government, almost universally adopt underground houses for winter use. Our illustration on page 789 represents the interior of one. They are simply square holes, sometimes lined with logs or boards, the roof alone raised above the level of the soil. The entrance is often a rude shanty on the surface. Passing into this you find a hole in the ground into which dropping you reach a subterranean passage 2½ feet in height, through which you crawl into the chamber. The fire is made on the floor of the room, and when the cooking arrangements are over the embers are thrown out of the "smoke-hole" in the roof, which is then covered tightly with a skin. The entrance-hole is covered in the same way, which, of course, effectually shuts in all warmth, with a good deal of smoke and carbonic acid gas. In fact, so hot are these dwellings in the coldest weather that the Indians are found living inside in a semi-nude condition. The dirt and odor of these houses are often intolerable, and would not suit a squeamish person; but the explorers of the late telegraph expedition were often glad of their shelter in the wintry gales and blinding snowstorms common to this country.

These Indians, though much resembling the Esquimaux in manners and customs, are a finer and larger race of people, the men frequently attaining a higher standard than ourselves; the women almost invariably stout, greasy, and good-humored. These people were much employed by the late Western Union Telegraph expedition.



SCENE OF THE PHILADELPHIA TRAGEDY, CORNER OF TENTH AND PINE STREETS.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 796.]



ALASKA—INTERIOR OF AN INDIAN HUT.—[See Page 788.]

MY WIFE'S PROMISE.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON.

It was my fate at an early period of my life to abandon myself to the perilous delights of a career which of all others exercises the most potent fascination over the mind of him who pursues it. As a boy I joined a band of brave adventurers in an Arctic expedition, and from the hour in which I first saw the deep cold blue of the northern sea, and felt the subtle influence of the rarefied polar air, I was for all common purposes and objects of life a lost man. The expedition was unfortunate, though its leader was a wise and scientific navigator—his subordinates picked men. The result was bitter disappointment and more bitter loss—loss of valuable lives as well as of considerable funds. I came back from my cruise in the *Weatherwise*, to the western world, rejoiced beyond measure at the idea of being once more at home, and determined never again to face the horrors of that perilous region which had lost me so many dear companions. I, Richard Dunrayne, was the elder son of a wealthy house, my father a man of some influence in the political world, and there were few positions which need have been impossible for me had I aspired to the ordinary career affected by British youth. I had been indulged in my early passion for the sea, in my later rage for Arctic exploration; and it was hoped that, having satisfied these boyish fancies, I should now settle down to a pursuit more consonant with the views and wishes of my people. My mother wept over her restored treasure, and confessed how terrible had been her fears during my absence; my father congratulated me upon having ridden my hobby, and alighted therefrom without a broken neck; and my family anxiously awaited my choice of a profession.

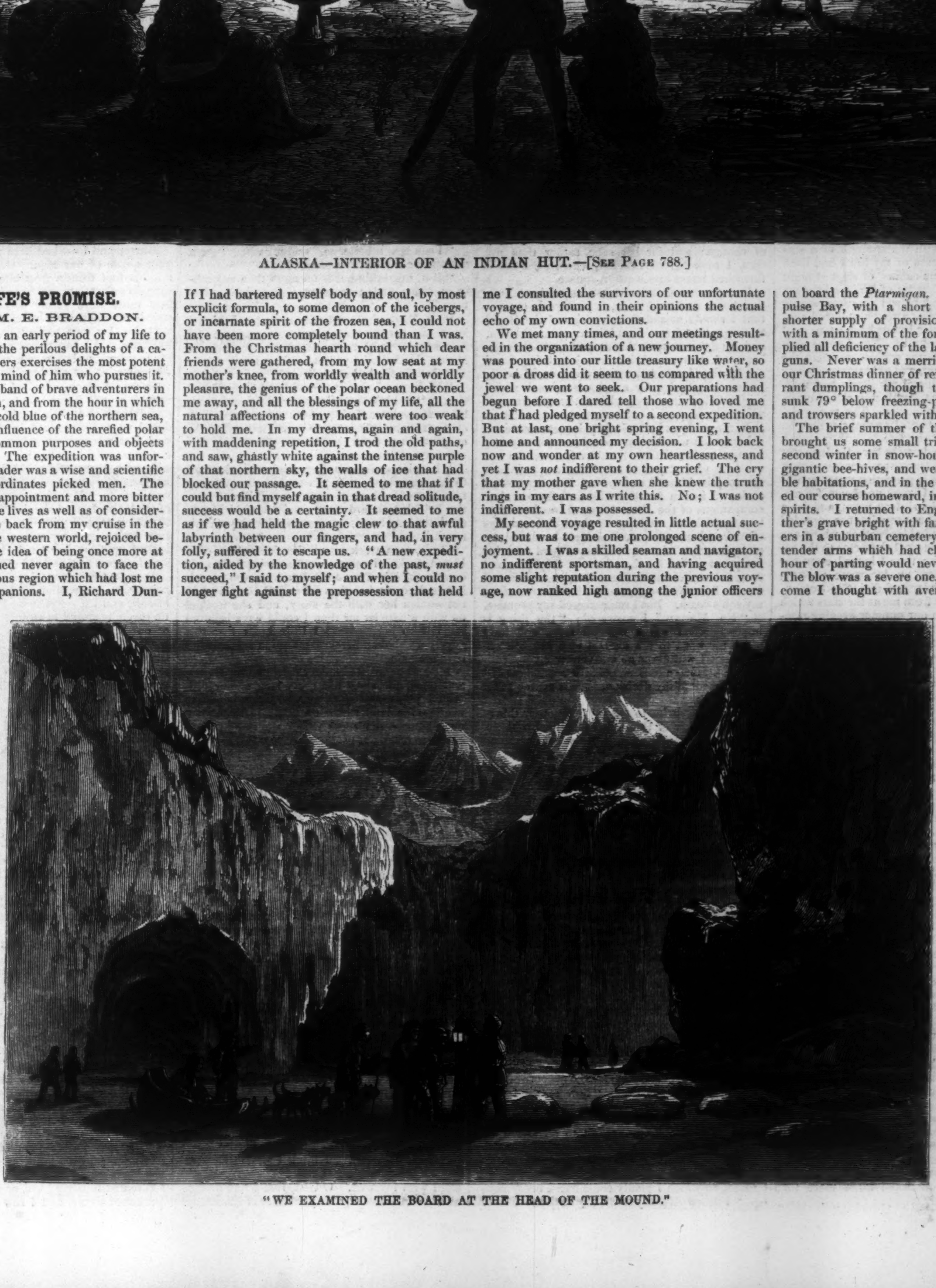
Such a choice I found impossible. If I had bartered myself body and soul, by most explicit formula, to some demon of the icebergs, or incarnate spirit of the frozen sea, I could not have been more completely bound than I was. From the Christmas hearth round which dear friends were gathered, from my low seat at my mother's knee, from worldly wealth and worldly pleasure, the genius of the polar ocean beckoned me away, and all the blessings of my life, all the natural affections of my heart were too weak to hold me. In my dreams, again and again, with maddening repetition, I trod the old paths, and saw, ghastly white against the intense purple of that northern sky, the walls of ice that had blocked our passage. It seemed to me that if I could but find myself again in that dread solitude, success would be a certainty. It seemed to me as if we had held the magic clew to that awful labyrinth between our fingers, and had, in very folly, suffered it to escape us. "A new expedition, aided by the knowledge of the past, *must* succeed," I said to myself; and when I could no longer fight against the prepossession that held me I consulted the survivors of our unfortunate voyage, and found in their opinions the actual echo of my own convictions.

We met many times, and our meetings resulted in the organization of a new journey. Money was poured into our little treasury like water, so poor a dross did it seem to us compared with the jewel we went to seek. Our preparations had begun before I dared tell those who loved me that I had pledged myself to a second expedition. But at last, one bright spring evening, I went home and announced my decision. I look back now and wonder at my own heartlessness, and yet I was *not* indifferent to their grief. The cry that my mother gave when she knew the truth rings in my ears as I write this. No; I was not indifferent. I was possessed.

My second voyage resulted in little actual success, but was to me one prolonged scene of enjoyment. I was a skilled seaman and navigator, no indifferent sportsman, and having acquired some slight reputation during the previous voyage, now ranked high among the junior officers on board the *Ptarmigan*. We wintered at Repulse Bay, with a short stock of fuel, and a shorter supply of provisions; but we managed with a minimum of the former luxury, and supplied all deficiency of the latter by the aid of our guns. Never was a merrier banquet eaten than our Christmas dinner of reindeer steaks and currant dumplings, though the thermometer had sunk 79° below freezing-point, and our jerseys and trowsers sparkled with hoar-frost.

The brief summer of that northern latitude brought us some small triumphs. We spent a second winter in snow-houses, which resembled gigantic bee-hives, and were the snuggest possible habitations, and in the second summer turned our course homeward, in excellent health and spirits. I returned to England to find my mother's grave bright with familiar autumnal flowers in a suburban cemetery, and to know that the tender arms which had clung about me in the hour of parting would never encircle me again. The blow was a severe one, and for some time to come I thought with aversion of that strange northern world which had cost me, and which was yet to cost me, so much.

Time passed, and I remained in England, at five-and-twenty years of age, a broken man. With the men I met I had no point of sympathy. Their pursuits bored me, their paltry ambitions disgusted me. The pleasures of a city life had not the faintest charm for me. A polar bear would have been as much at home as I was in a West End ball-room, and would have been as interested in the conversation of a genteel dinner-table. Away from my old comrades of the *Weatherwise* and the *Ptarmigan*, I had not a friend for whom I really cared; and as the civilized world grew day by day more distasteful to me, the old longing revived — the old dreams haunted my sleep. In my father's handsome drawing-rooms I yearned for the



"WE EXAMINED THE BOARD AT THE HEAD OF THE MOUND."

rough stone cabin of Repulse Bay, or the snow-hives of Cape Crozier. Another expedition was afloat, and letters from my old messmates announced anticipated triumphs, and warned me of the remorse which I should suffer when the hardy victors returned to reproach the idler who preferred to live at home at ease while old friends were drifting among the ice-floes, and bearding the grizzly tyrant of the North.

I let them go without me, at what sacrifice was only known to myself. My father's health had been declining from the hour of my mother's death, and I was determined not to leave him. *This* duty at least I would not abnegate. This last sad privilege of attending a father's death-bed I would not barter to the all-exacting demon of the frozen seas. For three empty, patient years I remained at home; my hands reverently closed the eyes that had never looked on me but with affection, and I alone watched the last quiet sleep. This being done I was free once more, and the old infatuation held me close as ever. My father's death left me wealthy, and to my mind wealth had but one use. All the old yearnings were intensified by tenfold for the saddest reason. The *Ptarmigan* had never been heard of since the hour she left Baffin's Bay, and the fate of those familiar comrades with whom I had lived in the closest communion for two happy years was a dark enigma, only to be solved by patient labor. The expedition had not been of sufficient importance to attract much attention from the scientific world; there had been too much of a volunteer and amateur character in the business; but when the fact of the *Ptarmigan's* disappearance became known a meeting of the Royal Society gave all due consideration to the case, and promised help to a party of investigation.

My ample fortune enabled me to contribute largely to the expenses of the new voyage, while volunteers and voluntary contributions poured in from every quarter. I had difficulty in selecting officers and crew from so large a number of hardy adventurers; but I was prudent enough to engage the crew of a battered old whaler for the staple of my men. We were away in all six years, wintering sometimes in South America—once in New York, and getting our supplies as best we might. We made some discoveries which the Royal Society received with civil approval; but of those we went to seek we found no trace; and I began to think that the fate of my old friends was a mystery never to be solved below the stars.

I came back to England at thirty-four years of age, a hardy wanderer, with a long brown beard that seemed lightly powdered with the northern snow, and with the strength of a sea-lion. For the best years of my life I had lived in snow-hives and stone-cabins, or slept at night amidst the white wilderness of ice in a boat my stalwart shoulders had helped to carry during the day. Heavens! what a rough unlicked cub, what a grim sea-monster I must have been; and yet Isabel Lawson loved me! Yes, I came back to England to find a fairer enchantress than the spirit of the frozen deep, and to barter my liberty to a new mistress. One of my sisters had married during my absence, and it was at her country house I took up my abode. The young sister of her husband, Captain Lawson, was here on a visit, and thus I met my fate.

I will not attempt to describe her; the innocent face, so lovely to my eyes, was perhaps less perfect than I thought it; but if perfection wears another shape, it is one that bears no charm for me. Isabel was my junior by sixteen years, and for a considerable period of our acquaintance regarded me as a newly acquired elder brother, whose age gave something of a paternal character to the relationship. For a long time I looked upon her as a beautiful picture, an incarnate presentment of all that is tender and divine in womanhood, and as far away from me as the stars which I pointed out to her in our summer evening rambles by the sea-shore near our country home.

How I grew to love her I will not ask myself. She was a creature whom to know was to love. How she grew to love me is a mystery I have often tried to solve; and when I have asked her, with fear and wondering, why I was so blessed, she told me it was because I was brave and frank and true, and worthy of a woman's love. God help my darling, the glamour of the frozen North was upon me, and the mere story of the wondrous world I knew had magic enough to win me the heart of this angel. She was never tired of hearing me describe that wild region I loved so well. Again and again I told her the histories of my several voyages, and the record seemed always to have a new charm for her.

"I think I know every channel in Davis's Strait and Baffin's Bay," she said to me a day or two before our wedding; "and the ice-bound coast, from Repulse Bay to Cape Crozier, and the ice-packs over which you carried your boats, and the shoals of seals and clouds of ducks, and the colony of white whales, and the dear little snow-houses in which you lived so snugly. Don't you think we ought to spend our honey-moon at Cape Crozier, Richard?"

"My precious one, God forbid that I should ever see you in that wild place."

"Be sure, Richard, if you went there, I should follow you."

And she kept her word.

Dream-like, and oh, how mournful! seems the bright scene of my bridal-day, as I recall it to-night beside a lonely hearth in the house of a stranger. My Isabel looked like a spirit in her airy robe and veil; and I, to whom the memories of the North were ever present, could well-nigh have fancied she was clad in a snow-cloud. I asked her if she were content to have given her young beauty to a battered veteran like me; and she told me yes, a thousand times more than content—inexpressibly happy.

"But you will never leave me, Richard?" she said, looking up at me with divine love in her deep blue eyes; and I promised again, as I had promised many times before, that the North should never draw me away from my beloved.

"You shall be my pole-star, dearest, and I will forget that earth has any wilder region than the woods and hills around our happy home."

My darling loved the country, and I loved all that was dear to her; so I bought a small estate in North Devon—a grange and park in the heart of such a landscape as can only be found in that western shire. I was rich, and it was my pride and delight to make our home as beautiful as money and care could make it. The restoration of the house, which was as old as the Tudors, and the improvement of the park, employed me for more than a year—a happy year of home joys with as sweet a wife as Heaven ever gave to man since Adam saw Eve smiling on him among the flowers of Paradise—and during the whole of that time I scarcely thought of the North. With the beginning of our second year of happy union, I had even less inclination to think of my old life; for God had blessed us with a son, pure and blooming and beautiful as the region in which he was born.

Upon this period of my life I dare not linger. For nearly two years we held our treasure; and if any thing could have drawn us nearer to each other than our love had made us long ago, it would have been our affection for this child. He was taken from us. "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." We repeated the holy sentences of resignation; but it was not resignation—it was despair that subdued the violence of our grief. I laid my darling in his grave under the mid-summer sky, while one bird was singing high up in the heaven where I tried to picture him, among a band of such child-angels; and I knew that life could never again be to me what it had been. People told me I should perhaps have other children as dear as this.

"If God would give this one back to me He could not blot from my memory his suffering and his death," I answered, impiously.

For some time my sorrow was a kind of stupor—a dull, dead heaviness of the soul, from which nothing could raise me. Isabel's grief was no less intense, no less bitter; but it was more natural and more unselfish. She grew alarmed by my state of mind, and entreated me to try change of scene.

"Let us go to London, Richard," she said; "I shall be glad to leave this place, beautiful and dear as it is."

Her pale face warned me that she had sad need of change; and for her sake, rather than my own, I took her to London, where we hired a furnished house in a western square.

Being in town, and an idle man, with no London tastes and no friends, it is scarcely strange that I should attend the meetings of the Royal Society. The fate of Franklin was yet unknown, and the debates upon this subject were at fever-heat. A new expedition was just being fitted out by the Government, and there could be no better opportunity for a volunteer band, which might follow in the track of the government vessel.

In the rooms of the Society I encountered an old comrade who had served with me in my first voyage on board the *Weatherwise*, and he exerted his utmost powers of persuasion to induce me to join himself and others in a northward cruise to search for Franklin and for our lost companions of the *Ptarmigan*. I was known to be an old hand, well provided with the sinews of war, adventurous and patient, hardened by many a polar winter; and my friend and his party wanted me for their leader. The proposal flattered me more than I can describe, and caused me the first thrill of pleasure I had known since my son's death. But I remembered my promise.

"No, Martyn," I answered: "the thing is impossible. I am a married man, and have given my word to the dearest wife in Christendom that I will never go out yonder again."

Frank Martyn took no pains to conceal his disappointment at my decision, nor his contempt for my motives.

It was my habit to tell my wife every thing; and I told her of the debates at the Royal Society, and of this meeting with an old comrade.

"But you will keep your promise, Richard?" she asked, with a sudden look of fear.

"Until the end of life, my darling, unless you should release me from it."

"Oh, Richard, that is not likely; I am not capable of such a sacrifice."

I went again and again to the Royal Society; and I dined at a club with my friend Martyn, who made me known to his friends, those eager volunteers who panted for the icy winds of the Arctic zone, and languished to tread the frozen labyrinth of polar seas. I listened to them, I talked with them, and the demon of the North resumed his hold upon me. My wife saw that some new influence was at work, that my home life was no longer all in all to me.

One day, after much anxious questioning, she beguiled me of my secret. The old yearning was upon me. I told her how every impulse of my mind—every longing of my heart—urged me to join the new enterprise; and how, for her dear sake, I was determined to forego the certainty of pleasure, and the chances of distinction. She thanked me with a sigh.

"I stand between you and the purpose of your life, Richard," she said; "how selfish I must seem to you!"

"No, darling, only tender and womanly."

Upon my persistent refusal to command the expedition, my friend Martyn was unanimously elected captain. A wealthy brewer of an adventurous turn provided the larger part of the funds, to which I gladly contributed my quota.

"I know Dunrayne will go with us," said Frank Martyn. "He'll turn up at the last moment and beg leave to join.—But remember, Dick," he added, turning to me, "if it is the last moment you'll be welcome, and I shall be proud to resign the command to a fellow who knows the Arctic zone as well as a cockney knows Whitechapel."

The preparations for the voyage lasted longer than had been anticipated. Months went by, and I still lingered in town, though I knew that Isabel would have preferred to return to Devonshire. I could not tear myself away while the *Forlorn Hope*, the vessel chartered by the brewer, was still in dock. I saw the adventurers almost daily, assisted in their preparations, pored over the chart with them, and traveled over every inch of the old ground with a pencil for their edification.

It was within a week of the departure, and the fever and excitement of preparation was stronger upon me than on any one of the intending voyagers, when my wife came to me suddenly one morning, and threw herself, sobbing, into my arms.

"My dear Isabel, what is this?" I asked, in alarm.

"Oh, Richard, you must go," she sobbed; "I can not hold you from your destiny. My selfish fears are killing you. I can see it in your face. You *must* go to that wild awful world, where Heaven has guarded you in safety before, and will guard and guide you again. Yes, darling, I release you from your promise. Is God less powerful to protect you yonder than here? He made that world of eternal ice and snow, and where He is there is safety. No, Richard; I will not despair. I will not stand between you and fame. I heard you talking in your sleep last night, as you have talked many nights, of that distant solitude: and I know that your heart is there. Shall I keep my husband prisoner when his heart has fled from me? No, Richard, you shall go."

She kissed me and fell fainting at my feet. I was blinded by my own selfish folly, and did not perceive how much of her fortitude was the courage of despair. I thought only of her generosity and my release. It was not too late for me to accept the command of the *Forlorn Hope*. I thanked my wife with a hundred kisses as her sweet eyes opened upon me once more.

"My darling, I shall never forget this," I cried; "and it shall be the last journey, the very last. I swear it, by all that is most sacred to me. There is no danger, believe me, none, for a man who has learned prudence as I have done—in the school of hardship."

There was only a week for leave-taking.

"I can bear it better so," said my wife; "such a blow can not be too sudden."

"But, my darling, it is no more than any other absence; and, remember, it is to be the last time."

"No, Richard, do not tell me that. I think I know you better than you know yourself. A man can not serve two masters. Your master is *there*. He beckons you away from me."

"But for the last time, Isabel."

"Well, yes," she answered, with a profound sigh. "I think that when you and I say good-by next week we shall part for the last time."

The sadness of her tone seemed natural to the occasion; nor did I remark the melancholy significance of her words.

"I will make you a flag, Richard," she said to me next day. "If you should discover any new spot of land out yonder you will like to raise the British standard there, and I should like to think that my hands are associated with your triumph."

She set to work upon the fabrication of a Union Jack. I remembered a melancholy incident in the life of Sir John Franklin, and I hardly cared to see her thus employed; but I could not sadden her with the story, and she worked on with a happier air than I could have believed possible to her. Alas! I little knew that this gayety was but an heroic assumption sustained to save me pain.

My darling insisted upon examining my charts, and made me show her every step of our projected journey—the point where we hoped to winter—the land which we intended to explore on sledges—the spots where we should erect cairns to mark our progress. She dwelt on every detail of the journey with an interest intense as my own.

"I think I know that distant world as well as you, Richard," she said to me on the last day of all. "In my dreams I shall follow you—yes, I *know* that I shall dream of you every night, and that my dreams will be true. There must be some magnetic chain between two beings so closely united as we are, and I am sure that sleep will show you to me as you are—safe or in danger, triumphant or despondent. And in my waking dreams, too, dear, I shall be on your track. My life will be a double one—the dull commonplace existence at home, where my body must needs be, and the mystic life yonder, where my soul will follow you. And, dear husband," she continued, clinging to me and looking up with a new light in her eyes, "if I should die before you return—"

"Isabel!"

"Of course that is not likely, you know; but if I should be taken from you, darling, you will know it directly. Yes, dear, at the death-hour my spirit will fly to you for the last fond parting look upon earth, as surely as I hope it will await you in heaven!"

I tried to chide her for her weird Scottish superstition; but this speech of hers, and the looks that accompanied it, shook me more than I cared to confess to myself; and if it had been possible to recede with honor, I think I should have resigned the command of the *Forlorn Hope*, and staid with my wife. O God, that I had done so at any cost of honor, at any sacrifice of friendship!

But my fate drew me northward, and I went. We started in July, and reached the point that we had chosen for our winter harbor at the end of August. Here we walled our vessel round with snow, and roofed her over; and in this grim solitude prepared to await the opening seas of summer. To me the winter seemed unutterably long and dreary. I was no longer the careless bachelor who found amusement in the rough sports of the sailors, and delight in an occasional raid upon the reindeer of the ice-bound coast. I had indeed tried to serve two masters; and the memory of her I had left behind was ever with me, a reproachful shadow. If, now, I could have recalled the past, and found myself once more by that hearth beside which I had languished for the old life of adventure, how gladly would I have made the exchange!

The long inactive winter that was so dreary to me seemed pleasant enough to my companions. We had plenty of stores, and all were hopeful as to the exploits of the coming summer. We should find the crew of the *Ptarmigan*, perhaps, hardy dwellers in some inaccessible region, patiently awaiting succor and release. With such hopeful dreams my comrades beguiled the wasted days; but I had lost my old power of dreaming, and a sense of duty alone sustained my spirits. My friend Frank told me that I was a changed man—cold and stern as the veriest martinet.

"But all the better man for your post," he added. "The sailors love you as much as they fear you, for they feel that they would find you as steadfast as a rock in the hour of peril."

The summer came, the massive ice-packs were loosened with sounds as of thunder, and drifted away before a southern breeze. But our freedom brought us nothing save disappointment—no traces of our friends of the *Ptarmigan* gladdened our eyes, no discovery rewarded our patience. Scurvy had cost us four of our best men, and the crew was short-handed. Before the summer was ended we had more deaths; and when the next winter began Martyn and I faced it drearily, with the prospect of scant stores and scanter fuel, and with a sickly and disheartened crew. We had reason to thank God that the poor fellows were faithful to us under conditions so hopeless.

Before the coldest season set in we left our vessel in tolerably safe harbor, and started on a land expedition, still bent on our search for traces of the missing *Ptarmigan*. We had a couple of sledges and a pack of Esquimaux dogs, faithful hardy creatures, who thrived on the roughest fare, and were invaluable to us in this toilsome journey. No words can paint the desolation of this wild region—no mind can imagine that horror of perpetual snow, illimitable as eternal.

Martyn and I worked hard to keep up the flagging spirits of our men. One poor fellow had lost his foot from a frost-bite, and but for our surgeon's clever amputation of the disabled member, must have surely perished. He was of course no small drag upon us in this time of trial, but his own patient endurance taught us fortitude. We had hoped to fall in with a tribe of Esquimaux, but saw none after those from whom we bought our dogs.

So we toiled on, appalled by the grim change in each other's forms and faces, as short rations and fatigue did their work. The dead winter found us again reduced in number. We built ourselves a roomy snow-house, with a cabin for the dogs; and here my friend Frank Martyn lay sick with three other invalids throughout our hopeless Christmas. My own health held out wonderfully. My spirits rose with the extremity of trial, and I faced the darkening future boldly, beguiling myself with dream-pictures of my return home, and my wife's glad face when she looked up from her lonely hearth and saw me standing on the threshold of the door.

It was Christmas-day. We had dined on pemmican—a peculiar kind of preserved meat—biscuit, and ice. Spirit we had none, save a little carefully stored in case of urgent need. After our brief repast the able men went out in a body in search of sport for their guns, but with little hope of finding any thing. The invalids slept, and I sat by the fire of dried moss which served to light our hut, with the aid of a glimmer of cold dull daylight that came to us through a window of transparent ice in the roof.

I was thinking of England and my wife—what else did I ever think of now?—when one of the men rushed suddenly into the hut, and fell on the snow-bank that served for a bench. He was white to the lips, and shivering as no man shivers from cold alone.

"Good God, Hanley, what is the matter?" I cried, alarmed by the man's terror.

"I went away from the others, Captain," he began, in rapid, gasping accents, "thinking I saw the traces of a bear upon the snow; and I had parted from them about half an hour when I saw—"

His voice died away suddenly, and he sat before me, with lips that moved but made no sound.

"What? For pity's sake speak out, man."

"A woman!"

"Yes; and of an Esquimaux tribe, no doubt. Why didn't you hail, and bring her back to us? Why, you must be mad, Hanley. You know how we have been wishing to fall in with some of those people, and you see one, and let her slip through your fingers, and come back scared, as if you'd seen a ghost."

"That's it, your Honor," the man answered hoarsely. "What I saw was a ghost."

"Nonsense, man."

"But I say yes, Captain, and will stand by my word. She was before me, moving slowly over the snow: you could scarce call it walking, 'twas such a smooth gliding motion. She was dressed in white—no common dress—but one that turns the heart cold only to think of. While I stood, too scared to move hand or foot, she turned and beckoned to me, and I saw her face as plain as

I see yours this moment, a sweet face, with blue eyes, and long fair hair falling loosely round it."

I was on my feet in a moment, and rushing toward the door.

"Great God of heaven!" I cried, "my wife!"

The conviction that possessed me was supreme. From the moment in which the sailor described the figure he had seen, there was no shadow of doubt in my mind. It was Isabel, and she only. The wife who had promised that her spirit should follow me step by step upon my desolate journey was near me now. For one moment only I considered the possibility or impossibility of her presence, and pondered whether some northern-bound vessel might have brought her to an Esquimaux station near at hand that we knew not of; for one instant only, and then I was hurrying across the snow in the direction to which the sailor pointed as he stood at the door of our hut.

The brief winter day was closing in, and there was only a long line of faint yellow light in the west. Eastward the moon was rising, pale and cold like that region of eternal snow. I had left our hut some two hundred yards behind me, when I saw a white-robed figure moving toward the low western light; a figure at once so dear, so familiar, and yet in that place so awful, that an icy shiver shook me from head to heel as I looked upon it.

The figure turned and beckoned. The sweet face looked at me, awfully distinct in that clear cold light. I followed, and it drew me on, far across a patch of snowy waste that I had left unexplored, or had no memory of traversing until now. I tried to overtake the familiar form, but though its strange gliding movement seemed slow, it eluded my pursuit, follow swiftly as I might. In this manner we crossed the wide bleak waste, and as the last glimmer of the western light died out, and the moon shone brighter on the frozen plain, we came to a spot where the snow lay in mounds—seven separate mounds ranged in the form of a cross beneath that wild northern sky.

A glance told me that civilized hands had done this work. The Christian emblem told me more. But though I saw the snow-mounds at my feet, my eyes seemed never to leave the face of my wife—O God, how pale in the moonlight!

She pointed with extended finger to one of the mounds, and I saw that it was headed by a rough wooden board, almost buried in snow. To snatch a knife from my belt, throw myself on my knees, and begin to scrape the coating of mingled ice and snow from this board, was the work of a moment. When I looked up I was alone beneath the wintry sky. My wife was gone. I *knew* then what I had *felt* from the first—that it was her shadow I had followed over that wintry waste, and that on earth she and I would never look upon each other again.

She had kept her promise as truly as I had broken mine. The gentle spirit had pursued me to that desolate world in the very moment it was liberated from its earthly prison.

It was late that night when Hanley and his messmates found me lying senseless on the snow-mound, with the open knife beside my stiffening hand.

They brought me back to life somehow, and by the light of the lanterns they carried we examined the board at the head of the mound. An inscription roughly cut upon it told us we had found the lost crew of the ***Ptarmigan:***

"Here lies the body of Morris Haynes, commander of the *Ptarmigan*, who died in this unknown region January 30, 1829, aged 35."

The other mounds also had head-boards bearing inscriptions, which we dug out from the snow on the following day, and carefully transcribed. After this we found a cairn containing empty provision-tins, in one of which was a book that had evidently been used for a journal; but rust and snow had done their work, and of this journal nothing was decipherable but the name of the writer, Morris Haynes.

These investigations were not made by me. The new year found me laid low with rheumatic fever, and Frank Martyn had to take his turn as sick-nurse beside the snow-bank where I lay. Our provisions held out better than we had expected, thanks to the game our men shot, and the patience with which they endured privation. The spring came, and with it release. We contrived to make our way to Baffin's Bay—a consummation I had scarcely thought possible in my dreary reveries of mid-winter—and a Greenland whaler brought us safely home.

I went straight to the town-house of my brother-in-law. He was at home, and came without delay to the library where I had been ushered, and where I sat awaiting him with a gloomy face.

Yes; as I expected, he was in mourning: and behind him came my sister, with a pale face, on which there was no smile of greeting.

Lawson held out both his hands to me.

"Richard," he began, in a faltering voice, "God knows I never thought it possible I could be otherwise than glad of your coming home—but—"

"That will do," I said; "you need tell me no more. My wife is dead."

He bent his head solemnly.

"She died on the twenty-fifth of last December, at four o'clock in the afternoon."

"You have been told, then," cried my sister; "you have seen some one?"

"Yes," I answered, "I have seen *her!*"

THE WHIPPING-POST AND PILLORY IN DELAWARE.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* on the 21st of November wrote a graphic description of the whipping-post and pillory at New Castle, Delaware, and the barbarities that day inflicted upon the victims of these instruments of punishment—the relics of a former and less enlightened age.

It is not to be wondered at that a State which has no free schools should be behind others in civilization. But we should scarcely expect to find, even under these circumstances, the perpetuation of a penal code which was a disgrace to the eighteenth century, and which was long ago abolished by all the civilized nations of the world.

In Delaware men are hung not only for murder, but also for rape, arson, and burglary; and up to the time of the passage of the Civil Rights Bill by Congress the law made a gross and partial distinction between white and black offenders. "A white man was imprisoned and flogged for an offense for which a negro was hung. A crime which brought a white man to the whipping-post placed a free negro upon the block, where he was auctioneered to the highest bidder, and sold into a wickeder slavery than any that ever existed in the rice swamps of Georgia."

In 1791 even English bigotry and conservatism consented to stop flogging females; but in Delaware, "thirteen years ago, white and black women were publicly whipped in this Christian town of New Castle. Dragged from prison into the jail-yard, the sheriff stripped them naked to the waist in the presence of a multitude of shameless men, and then, tying them to the whipping-post, gashed their backs with a whip until the blood spurted from them. Not content with this infamy, but a few years since the law often required that the sheriffs should seize his shears and crop the ears of his fair victims, very much as those of a dog are cut, bringing them to sharp points. Sheriffs in those days had not only to be simple brutes, but to have skill in the brutal fine arts as well. It was not every man who could slice a female ear with precision and tastefulness."

The whipping of women was abolished by the legislators of Delaware in 1855, but they still flog little children.

"There were," says the correspondent from whom we have quoted, "seven persons whipped here to-day [New Castle, November 21], and the ancient instrument of torture trembled again, as it has done for half a century, in the terrible embrace of its victims. It is a curious old relic of a semi-civilization that is forgotten every where else but here. It consists of a sturdy post a foot square. Three feet from the ground it pierces a small platform; and five feet above this there is a cross-piece, which contains, in each of its arms, a hole for the neck and two holes for the wrists of the miserable wretch who is to suffer its torture. The upper half of the arm lifts to admit the victim, and then closes sufficiently tight upon him to impede the circulation of the blood. It is fastened down with a wooden wedge-shaped key, shot into the centre post.

"The whole machine looks like a gigantic cross, with a platform half-way down its length. It is black with age, covered with patches of green mould and moss, and shrunken and split until the grain of the wood protrudes in ridges. It is as worm-eaten and decayed as the villainous code which sustains it; its unsightly, disgusting presence is a worthy type of the conservatism which makes these people laggard in the march of humanity and progress.

"There are three of these pillories in the State—in New Castle, Georgetown, and Dover. They stretch along down the peninsula like tide-posts, marking the shoal waters of barbarism amidst the weltering, fathomless sea of surrounding civilization. The New Castle pillory stands in the jail-yard. A few years ago it boldly faced the world upon the public common. It is a happy omen of its final destruction that its devotees were so much ashamed of it that they hid it in this inclosure. Across the street stands a church, and behind the jail there is another. To-day their walls echoed the screams of St. Pillory's victims as they writhed beneath the lash; to-morrow they will resound with praises and supplications to a God who is merciful as well as just."

Who are the criminals and what the crimes which demand this barbarous penalty? Here is the case of a boy twelve years old:

"Matthew Perry picked up a piece of pig-iron, said—improbably—to be worth seventy-five cents. Chief-Justice Gilpin and Judge Houston, two venerable magistrates backed by society against one small child, declared that he should 'pay seventy-five cents restitution money, the costs of his prosecution, be whipped with twenty lashes on his bare back, be imprisoned for six months, and be compelled to wear a convict's dress in public for six months after his discharge.'"

At 10 o'clock, when the gates of the jail-yard swung open, and the orgies in honor of St. Pillory were about to commence, "by actual count there were 125 little girls and boys present, some of them not more than four or five years of age.

"The entertainment began by the introduction of William Jones to the audience. Mr. Jones had stolen store goods worth thirty-eight dollars, and he was sentenced to return that amount of money, stand in the pillory for one hour, be whipped with twenty lashes, be imprisoned for six months, and wear a convict's dress for six months after his release.

"The first thing in order was the pillory. William ascended the long ladder rather sadly, and the jailer, having placed his neck and hands in the holes, fastened the top bar upon them, and came down to the ground. The criminal was taller than the stock, and he was compelled to bend down just enough to make his position intensely painful. A keen, piercing northeast wind swept in from the broad expanse of the river, and compelled the spectators to blow warmth upon their fingers. Mr. Jones had his circulation stopped, but he could not blow upon his hands.

"The jagged, splintered edge of the wooden collar rasped his neck until it tore the skin, and whenever he attempted to move his head to make his position more easy, the bar would catch the upper part of his jaw-bone, and give him exquisite torture.

"'Jailer, isn't that pretty severe?'

"'Well, yes, it's a very uncomfortable position; and then his fingers and face get numb, you see.'

"A few years ago the crowd used to hoot at the pillory-hugged man, and pelt him with mud and filth. When the fathers of these children were boys they saved up all the cats that died and the eggs which were spoiled in the town for the purpose of 'vindicating the outraged majesty of the law' upon criminals who stood in this very pillory; and the poor wretches were often disfigured for life in one hour. It is a triumph for decency that this infamous custom has been abolished. The boys now only dispute the question of the discomfort or comfort of the sufferer."

When Mr. Jones has been reduced to a state of exhaustion he is taken back to his cell; but he has a lashing to bear yet.

"The Sheriff came out with the 'cat' in his hand. This venerable weapon consists of a stout handle about two feet long, with nine lashes of somewhat greater length. The thongs are made of thick leather, twisted together, and as hard as wire. They have been soaked with blood before this, and it has dried upon them until their edges are as sharp as knives."

The first candidate for the lash was the boy alluded to above, who stole seventy cents' worth of pig-iron. He receives his twenty lashes; then a boy of 14 receives as many more; then Mr. Mulloney, who has stolen a pair of drawers, submits to a like number.

"Then there was a piteous sight. An old man of 70 years, decrepit, feeble, and very lame, hobbled out, his gray hairs streaming in the wind. He wanted a shirt, Heaven knows, badly enough this bitter winter weather, and he had very wickedly stolen it. He had none on now. The jailer fastened him to the post, and snatched the blanket from his back. His skin was yellow and wrinkled, and it had scars upon it. The lashes fell, and the old man's whole frame was convulsed with agony. He writhed under each blow as if it was unendurable, and at last he put his head down and cried like a child. Most of the spectators were affected. I would like to have had the unjust judges and the Delaware law-makers look that poor, broken-down old wretch in the face then."

But we will not continue the story of these punishments through its revolting details to the end. The examples which we have given are sufficient. Even while we are writing (November 28) another public flogging like that above described is going on in Delaware.

WESTERN MEN.

The Western character develops freedom and takes in large calculations. This is more true of the man of Western cities than of the farmer and the frontier man, but still the character applies to all. A Western man thinks nothing of going one thousand or one thousand five hundred miles, and has no traditional feud with any class of Jew or Gentile. The elements of various nationalities flowing together Westward form a strong and tolerant community. If a man out West has his horse stolen, he mounts another and traces the thief; shoots him if he can. The extending prairies, immense lakes, grand rivers, seem to enlarge the whole conception of things. The big farm yields thousands of bushels of grain. The Western man may have twenty horses, a hundred mules, and a thousand head of cattle grazing in his pastures, and five hundred pigs fattening in his fields. He reads the prices-current; knows all that is going on; forms his own opinions, and is loud and bold in the expression of them. He is a man of patient courage, who will lose thousands of dollars by the fall of the market, and make less account of it than he would of the laming of a favorite horse or the loss of a faithful dog. If he doesn't turn his loss off with a laugh, and is pushed to speak of it, you may see the gleam of stern grit flashing from his eyes, as he tells you he will do better next time. He is full of reckless and mercurial daring. As impulsive as the Southerner, and yet practical in all things, he sees and takes always the short cut to his end. Feeling about the sacred character of ancestral acres never disturbs the mind of a man whose possessions were reclaimed from the wilds but yesterday, and may be left to-morrow. Whatever he has he will sell; and whatever you own he is willing to buy, providing he can make some "boot" on it. With him all things were made to buy and sell. A frontier man once described to me, without the least idea of the strange character of the transaction, how he had "traded off a Bible for a plaguy good fiddle." If any thing you have on you or about you strike his fancy, he will at once offer to buy it, and has no notion that certain pieces of property mayn't be for sale.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An "Attractive Science"—Magnetism.

"Dead as Chelsea" is a common phrase, and a good many complain of that city as somewhat slow. An old lady, possibly a friend of Mrs. Partington, declares she likes it, "because it's such a *local* place."

A professor of natural history, who is sometimes quite absent-minded, while hearing a class in zoology, put the question: "Did you ever see a porpoise?" "No, Sir." Professor, very forcibly, as was his wont: "The *next.* Did you ever see a porpoise?" "No, Sir." "The *next.* Did *you* ever see a porpoise?" "No, Sir." At this point, forgetting that his question was entirely extraneous, he closed the book with a bang, and an indignant "Take this lesson again," amidst the laughter of the class.

"Pa, will you get me a new pair of skates if I'll prove to you that a dog has ten tails?" "Yes, my son." "Well, to begin, one dog has one more tail than no dog, hasn't he?" "Yes." "Well, no dog has nine tails; and if one dog has one more tail than no dog, then one dog must have ten tails." The father gave the boy his skates.

THOUGHTS WHILE SEWING.

BY AN OLD MAID.

Men sow wild oats, and women buttons.

The shortest way to a man's heart is down his throat.

Man's love is like the moon: if it does not grow larger, it is certain to grow smaller.

A man may "do good by stealth," but as for his blushing "to find it fame," that's all nonsense.

Man shrinks from cold meat. Does this arise from man's innate presumption of always ruling the roast?

Man takes a woman with a dowry in the same way that he accepts the hamper that brings him a handsome present of game.

Men have two ways of extinguishing the flame of love—they either let it burn out quietly, or else they snuff it out by one blow.

In a dilemma, during the time a man has been standing like a fool, fumbling for an excuse, a woman will have invented ten thousand.

Wives are often foolish enough to sit up for their husbands, but you hear of few husbands who have the patience to sit up for their wives.

Biddy came back from whortleberrying, and was asked if she found the berries plenty. "Sure, yes," said she; "but the dry weather has made them so small that it takes the whole of a peck to make a quart."

BLUE-PILLS *VERSUS* EXERCISE.

"Blue pill, Madam? Stuff and nonsense, Madam. You can't want more pills; take exercise, Madam, not blue pill," cried an honest doctor to a sluggish patient. "Take exercise; it's only lazy folks who want so much blue pill." The celebrated Dr. Abernethy, who, after listening to a long list of ailments, detailed by the anxious mother of a languid daughter, growled out, as he put on his hat, and returned a shilling of his fee, "Buy her a skipping-rope."

L—— is a rising young Boston lawyer. As was said of another, he speaks several languages fluently, especially the profane. In trying a case before a referee, the opposing counsel had occasion to comment upon L——'s treatment of a witness on cross-examination.

"You brow-beated Mr. Davis shamefully" (*emphatically*).

"As incorrect in fact, your Honor, as ungrammatical in tense" (*good-naturedly*).

"I made it imperfect."

"Yes, d—d imperfect," said L——, *sotto voce.*

THE STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Breadstuffs—Rising every day.
Gunpowder—Goes off easily.
Bitter Beer—This article has a *downward* tendency.
Indigo—The trade is dyeing.
Pickled Pork—Dead and very inactive.
Brandy—Very spirited.
Vermilion—Finds a reddy sale.
Nutmegs—In grater demand.
Soda Water—Brisk and lively.
Lead—Very heavy.

Two French ladies were looking for the little daughter of one of them in a group of baby-carriages. "Do you see him?" asked the friend of the mother. "*Him!* I am looking for her nurse." "Her nurse?" "Yes. All children look alike. I know the nurse, and I can find the child best in that way." "As for myself, I think all *bonnes* look alike." "How do you find yours then?" "Oh, I know the soldier who is her beau."

ADVOCATES OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS NOT REPRESENTED AT THE LATE CONVENTION.

The lady who thinks she *has a right* to the best seat.

The ladies who think they *have a right* to sweep the sidewalk with their dresses, and monopolize it for their own exclusive use.

The lady who thinks she *has a right* to wear a wafer for a bonnet, and dress her child in thin clothes, in winter.

The lady, next door, who thinks she *has a right* to drive the whole neighborhood to the borders of distraction by practicing her high notes till eleven P.M.

The lady who claims to *have a right* to visit her own kitchen, at her own pleasure, and the cook *no right* to oppose her.

The house-maid who thinks it *her right* to put the papers in your library to rights.

The mother-in-law who thinks she *has a right* to visit her dear daughter twice a month, and regulate all matters in the household—without consulting the husband.

A wee bit of a boy having been slightly chastised by his mother, sat very quietly in his chair for some minutes afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish dad would get anuzzer housekeeper—I've got tired o' seein' you round."

SNUFF-TAKING.

What a moment, what a doubt!
All my nose is inside out—
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerostic.
  Wants to sneeze, and can not do it!
How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me!
How that rapturous torment fills me!
  Now says, "Sneeze, you goose, get through it."
Shee—shee—oh, 'tis most del-ishi!
Ishi—ishi—most delishi!
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

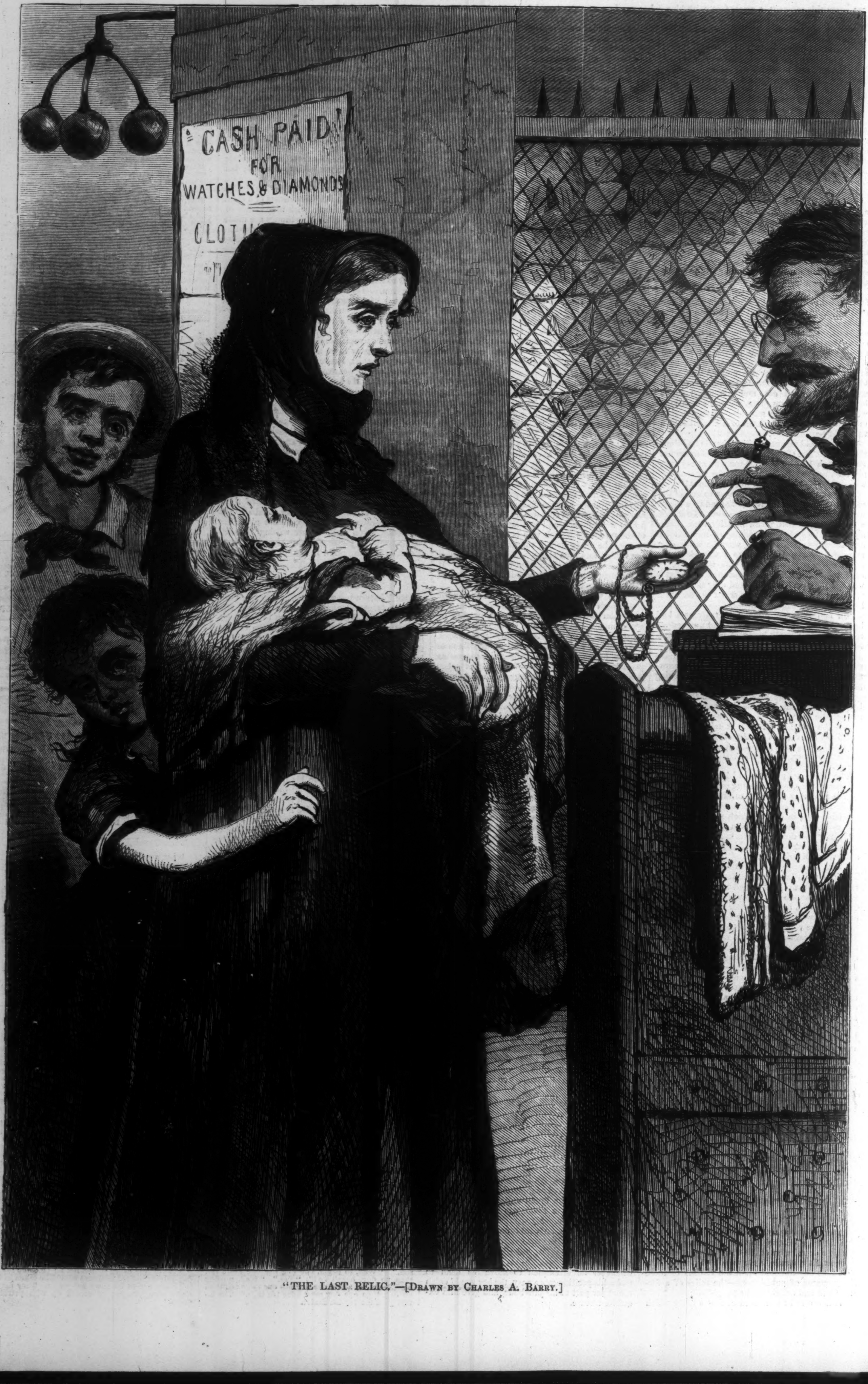
A North Carolina rebel was relating how "the Yanks" fired upon his company while marching through a thick wood. They gladly obeyed an order to lie down, but there was nothing to shield them from the terrible volleys of the enemy. "Why didn't you get behind a tree?" asked a listener. "Tree," replied reb, "there wasn't trees enough for the officers."

NEW RECIPES.

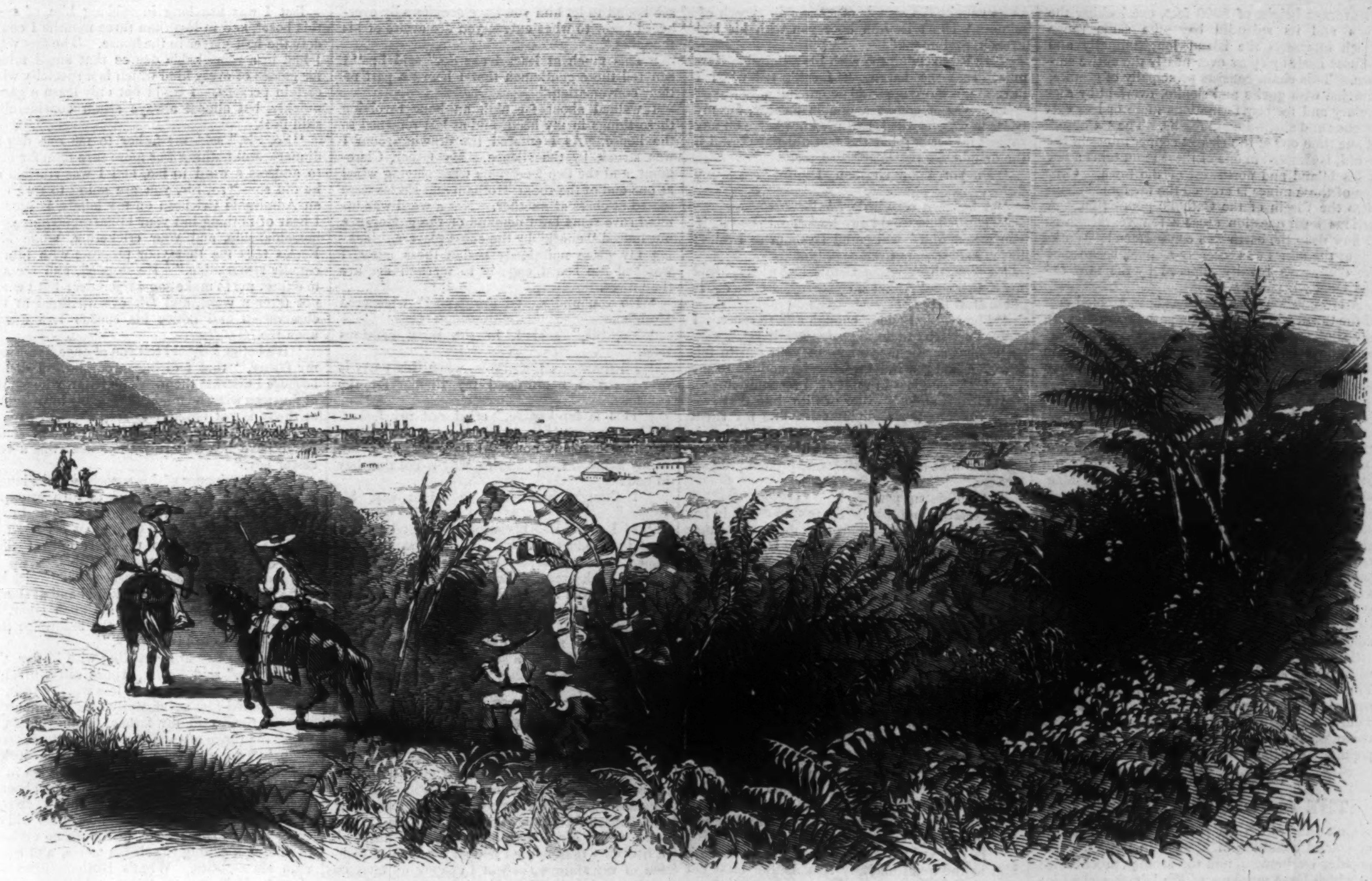
To Remove Stains in Silk.—Place the part which is soiled on any warm, hard substance—a red-hot stove, for instance—and, having prepared the stuff by slightly rubbing it briskly with a rough brick, gradually smear it with the following mixture: To two parts gum goober add one part vulcanized chicory—any part will do—dissolve in three parts codlivroleum till it becomes of the consistency of cold whalebone. Having worked the ingredients till they form a separate mass, take a knife and fork—one with three tines if procurable—and skillfully cut out the damaged part with any sharp instrument such as a rolling-pin—then rub the hole for a few months with lemon-peel and sealing-wax, and expose to the sun in a dark chamber for several nights.

Cheap and Delicious Tea Cakes.—Take 7½ pounds superfine fourth-proof flour—it should be taken when no one is in the store or it will be difficult to keep—cut the flour in small slices according to the size and spread it on a board, which should set perfectly level on one corner. Having filled a large tub with equal parts of saltpetre and onion-peelings—the blue Berkshire three-square onions are best—drain off the extra shortening that will form in a crust; and, having simmered the remaining ingredients in a close vessel—a colander will answer—mix up the whole and beat together for two or three days; then bake immediately in a leaden stew-pan. Some cooks use a green canvas bag; but we can not caution our readers enough against the deleterious effects produced by the vermifuge which forms the concrete of this article.

N.B.—These cakes should not all be eaten the first day unless required, and care should be taken in boiling them not to let them get warm. They may be eaten with vinegar, or served up with petroleum sauce.


CASH PAID
FOR
WATCHES & DIAMONDS
CLOTH

"THE LAST RELIC."—[DRAWN BY CHARLES A. BARRY.]



SANTIAGO DE CUBA.—[Sketched by Captain P. Jackson.]

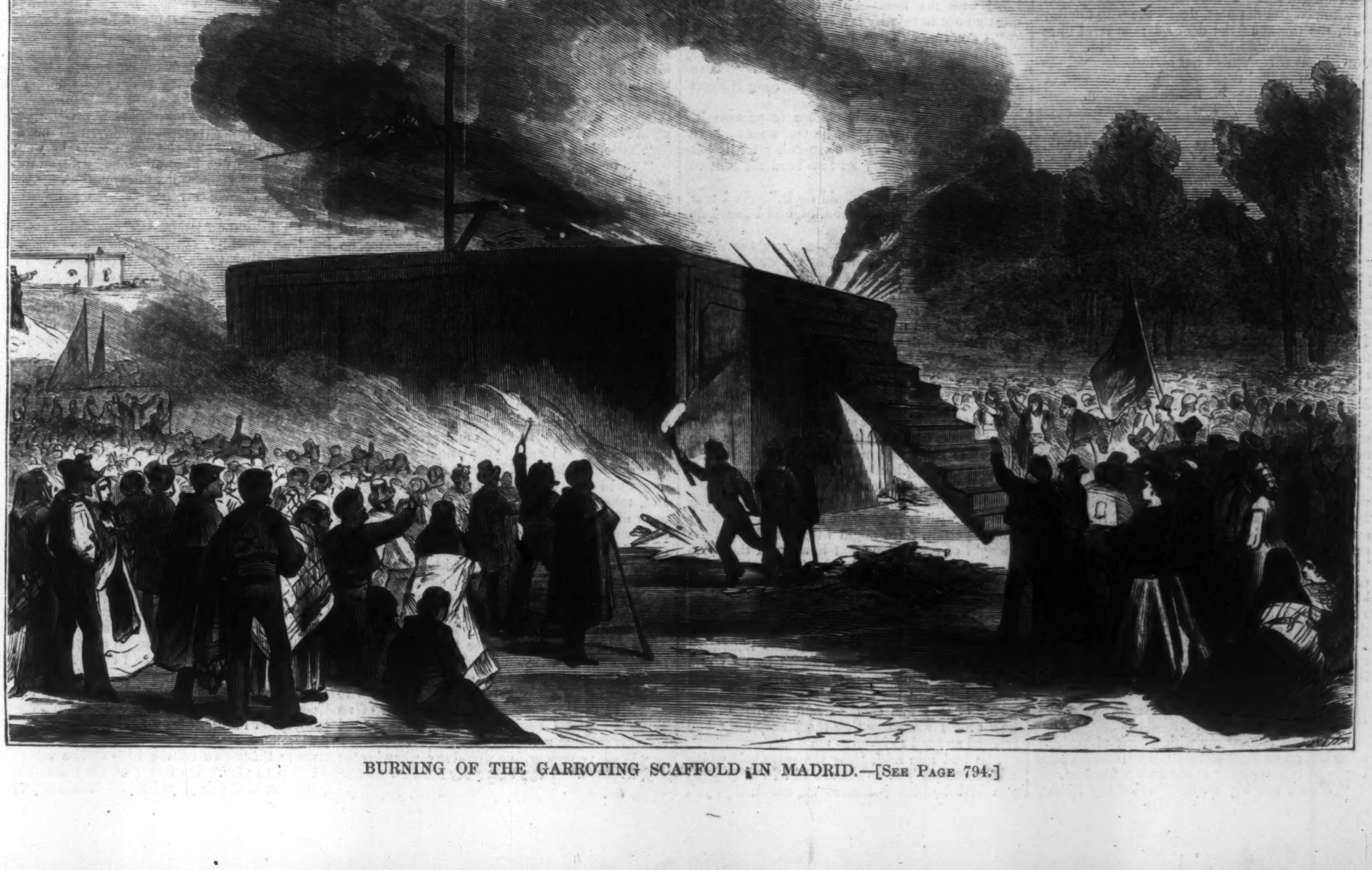
SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

The most contradictory reports have reached us during the past months in regard to the movements of the Cuban revolutionists. Those which come from official sources speak of the uprising as if it were nothing more than a disturbance caused by desperadoes for the purpose of plunder, and predict the speedy restoration of order. On the other hand, the agents of the revolutionists would have us believe that the movement is as important, as profound in its motives, and as likely to succeed as the revolution which has lately taken place in the mother country.

It would seem that the establishment of a liberal government at Madrid would have furnished the most inopportune season for rebellion against Spanish authority; but, in our opinion, the sole cause of the revolution is a desire to secure the independence of Cuba, and the present time was chosen because it was a period of disorder in Spanish affairs, and without any reference to the ultimate issue—whether success or failure—of the Provisional Government at Madrid.

The chief of the rebels is General Cespedes, who, on the 4th of November, had his headquarters at Bayamo, the seat of the so-called Provisional Government in Cuba. The rebels were then within four miles of Santiago de Cuba, and this town has been invested by the insurgents. Over one hundred of the principal families have embarked for Jamaica. A proclamation has been issued by the rebels in reply to that lately promulgated by Count Balmaredas (the Captain-General's lieutenant), and which gave the revolutionists eight days to surrender. This rebel manifesto orders all native-born Spaniards to leave the territory occupied by the "patriots" within twenty-four hours, and all Cubans between 18 and 45 are called upon to take up arms for the independence of Cuba. About the first of the month Cespedes's army numbered 9700 men.

We give on this page a view of Santiago de Cuba, now invested by the rebels. The seat of government in Cuba was first established at Baracoa, and transferred thence to Santiago de Cuba, where it remained until its removal to Havana. Santiago is situated on the south side of the island and crowns an eminence; at a few leagues distance rises a chain of mountains, of



BURNING OF THE GARROTING SCAFFOLD IN MADRID.—[See Page 794.]

an average height of 8000 feet, overlooking the town and its splendid bay—the same range which intersects the island longitudinally and diffuses itself by spurs over nearly the entire surface. This chain consists principally of granite, mingled with gneiss and sienite, overlaid by secondary and tertiary formations more or less calcareous and abounding in fossils. The "Cobre," at one time one of the richest copper mines in the world, is situated in one of these mountains a few miles inland and northwest of the town. Over one of these mines is erected the far-famed chapel to the Virgin of the Catholic population. A curious legal question arose a few years ago as to how deep the earth was consecrated! Working at the mines was recently stopped because of the oppressive royalty imposed by the now exiled Queen ISABELLA.

A large military hospital has been erected east of the town, which would compare favorably with any similar institution in the world. The barracks have recently been commenced. A chain of forts is destined to encircle the eminence upon which the town stands, but the money devoted to this purpose has thus far barely paid the engineers for drawing out the plans.

Santiago has a more antique appearance than any of the other large towns on the island, and is picturesque and imposing when viewed from a little distance. The houses are painted blue, red, yellow, and green. The streets in some parts are very precipitous, following the steep declivity of the hills, but are built at right angles, except where from necessity they wind around the hills. Being narrow, and the houses being provided with iron gratings, these streets would afford abundant protection to the insurgents. The prison, which is always protected by a guard of soldiers, is a strong building for defenses.

The town is ornamented by a Plaza, laid out with taste, and studded with beautiful trees. The Cathedral occupies one entire side of the square, and is opposite the Governor's mansion. There is a free public library containing 40,000 volumes, and the nucleus of a museum. The population of the town is about 25,000.

THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.

OUR illustration on page 793 represents the unwonted condition of Madrid in these days of popular excitement, and the strange proceedings in which large numbers of the laboring-class inhabitants are now engaged since they have been thrown out of employment by the general interruption of trade. Some thousands are now paid and fed by the Provisional Government, as was done at Paris for some months after the French Revolution of February, 1848, and, as their services are not required for any really useful or urgent work, it has been thought fit to set them to the task of demolishing the old city walls. They seem to take this job very easily, as might, indeed, be expected, knowing that they will get their daily rations and wages so long as the Provisional Government has any money in hand, unless the secure establishment of a powerful and effective administration should allow them to be dismissed without endangering the peace of the city. Our sketch represents the emancipated populace destroying a very obnoxious institution—the executioner's scaffold—in an open space outside the city. The mode of inflicting capital punishment in Spain is rather peculiar, being neither by the gallows nor by the guillotine, but strangulation by the *garrote*, which is a small wire hoop, passed round the culprit's neck as he sits with his back to an upright post: so that when the executioner, standing behind the post, draws the wire forcibly back, the throat of the doomed man is at once compressed, and death is instantly caused. The Provisional Government has already decreed the abolition of capital punishment; but this will, of course, be a question for future legislation.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER V

A FIRST DINNER-PARTY.

I WAS made "presentable" in due time, and on the fifth day after my arrival made my appearance at the dinner-table. "Sit there, Sir," said my father, "opposite me." And I was not sorry to perceive that an enormous vase with flowers effectually screened me from his sight. The post of honor thus accorded me was a sufficient intimation to my father's guests how he intended me to be treated by them; and as they were without an exception all hangers-on and dependents—men who dined badly or not at all when uninvited to his table—they were marvelously quick in understanding that I was to be accepted as his heir, and, after himself, the person of most consideration there.

Besides the three individuals I have already mentioned, our party included two foreigners—Baron Steinmetz, an aid-de-camp of the King, and an Italian duke, San Giovanni. The duke sat on my father's right, the baron on mine. The conversation during dinner was in French, which I followed imperfectly, and was considerably relieved on discovering that the German spoke French with difficulty, and blundered over his genders as hopelessly as I should have done had I attempted to talk. "Ach Gott," muttered he to himself in German, "when people were seeking for a common language, why didn't they take one that all humanity could pronounce?"

"So mein ich auch, Herr Baron," cried I; "I quite agree with you."

He turned toward me with a look of positive affection, on seeing I knew German, and we both began to talk together at once with freedom.

"What's the boy saying?" cried my father, as he caught the sounds of some glib speech of mine. "Don't let him bore you with his bad French, Steinmetz."

"He is charming me with his admirable German," said the baron. "I can't tell when I have met a more agreeable companion."

This was of course a double flattery, for my German was very bad, and my knowledge on any subject no better; but the fact did not diminish the delight the praise afforded me.

"Do you know German, Digby?" asked my father.

"A little—a very little, Sir."

"The fellow would say he knew Sanscrit, if you asked him," whispered Hotham to Eccles; but my sharp ears overheard him.

"Come, that's better than I looked for," said my father. "What do you say, Eccles? Is there stuff there?"

"Plenty, Sir Roger; enough and to spare. I count on Digby to do me great credit yet."

"What career do you mean your son to follow?" asked the Italian, while he nodded to me over his wine-glass in most civil recognition.

"I'll not make a sailor of him, like that sea-wolf yonder; nor a diplomatist, like my silent friend in the corner. Neither shall he be a soldier, till British armies begin to do something better than hunt out illicit stills and protect process-servers."

"A politician, perhaps?"

"Certainly not, Sir. There's no credit in belonging to a Parliament brought down to the meridian of soap-boilers and bankrupt bill-brokers."

"There's the Church, Sir Roger," chimed in Eccles.

"There's the Pope's Church, with some good prizes in the wheel; but your branch, Master Bob, is a small concern, and it is trembling besides. No. I'll make him none of these. It is in our vulgar passion for money-getting we throw our boys into this or that career in life, and we narrow to the stupid formula of some profession abilities that were meant for mankind. I mean Digby to deal with the world; and to fit him for the task he shall learn as much of human nature as I can afford to teach him."

"Ah, there's great truth in that, very great truth; very wise and very original too," were the comments that ran round the board.

Excited by his theme, and elated by his success, my father went on:

"If you want a boy to ride, you don't limit him to the quiet hackney that neither pulls nor shies, neither bolts nor plunges; and so, if you wish your son to know his fellow-man, you don't keep him in a charmed circle of deans and archdeacons, but you throw him fearlessly into contact with old debauchees like Hotham, or abandoned scamps of the style of Cleremont"—and here he had to wait till the laughter subsided to add, "and, last of all, you take care to provide him with a finishing tutor like Eccles."

"I knew your turn was coming, Bob," whispered Hotham; but still all laughed heartily, well satisfied to stand ridicule themselves if others were only pilloried with them.

When dinner was over, we sat about a quarter of an hour, not more, and then adjourned to coffee in a small room that seemed half boudoir, half conservatory. As I loitered about, having no one to speak to, I found myself at last in a little shrubbery, through which a sort of labyrinth meandered. It was a taste of the day revived from olden times, and amazed me much by its novelty. While I was puzzling myself to find out the path that led out of the entanglement I heard a voice I knew at once to be Hotham's saying:

"Look at that boy of Norcott's; he's not satisfied with the imbroglio within doors, but he must go out to mystify himself with another."

"I don't much fancy that young gentleman," said Cleremont.

"And I only half. Bob Eccles says we have all made a precious mistake in advising Norcott to bring him back."

"Yet it was our only chance to prevent it. Had we opposed the plan, he was sure to have determined on it. There's nothing for it but your notion, Hotham; let him send the brat to sea with you."

"Yes, I think that would do it." And now they had walked out of ear-shot, and I heard no more.

If I was not much reassured by these droppings I was far more moved by the way in which I came to hear them. Over and over had my dear mother cautioned me against listening to what was not meant for me; and here, simply because I found myself the topic, I could not resist the temptation to learn how men would speak of me. I remembered well the illustration by which my mother warned me as to the utter uselessness of the sort of knowledge thus gained. She told me of a theft some visitor had made at Abbotsford—the object stolen being a signet-ring Lord Byron had given to Sir Walter. The man who stole this could never display the treasure without avowing himself a thief. He had therefore taken what from the very moment of the fraud became valueless. He might gaze on it in secret with such pleasure as his self-accusings would permit. He might hug himself with the thought of possession; but how could that give pleasure or how drown the everlasting shame the mere sight of the object must revive? So would it be, my mother said, with him who unlawfully possessed himself of certain intelligence which he could not employ without being convicted of the way he gained it. The lesson thus illustrated had not ceased to be remembered by me; and though I tried all my casuistry to prove that I listened without intention, almost without being aware of it, I was shocked and grieved to find how soon I was forgetting the precepts she had labored so hard to impress upon me.

She had also said, "By the same rule which would compel you to restore to its owner what you had become possessed of wrongfully, you are bound to let him you have accidentally overheard know to what extent you are aware of his thoughts."

"This much at least I can do," said I; "I can tell these gentlemen that I heard a part of their conversation."

I walked about for nigh an hour revolving these things in my head, and at last returned to the house. As I entered the drawing-room I was struck by the silence. My father, Cleremont, and the two foreigners were playing whist at one end of the room, Hotham and Eccles were seated at chess at another. Not a word was uttered save some brief demand of the game, or a murmured "check" by the chess-players. Taking my place noiselessly beside these latter, I watched the board eagerly to try and acquire the moves.

"Do you understand the game?" whispered Hotham.

"No, Sir," said I, in the same cautious tone.

"I'll show you the moves, when this party is over." And I muttered my thanks for the courtesy.

"This is intolerable," cried out my father. "That confounded whispering is far more distracting than any noise. I have lost all count of my game. I say, Eccles, why is not that boy in bed?"

"I thought you said he might sup, Sir Roger."

"If I did it was because I thought he knew how to conduct himself. Take him away at once."

And Eccles rose, and with more kindness than I had expected from him, said, "Come, Digby, I'll go too, for we have both to be early risers to-morrow."

Thus ended my first day in public, and I have no need to say what a strange conflict filled my head that night as I dropped off to sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE DAYS WENT OVER.

IF I give one day of my life, I give, with very nearly exactness, the unbroken course of my existence. I rose very early—hours ere the rest of the household was stirring—to work at my lessons, which Mr. Eccles apportioned for me with a liberality that showed he had the highest opinion of my abilities, or—as I discovered later on to be the truth—a profound indifference about them. Thus a hundred lines of Virgil, thirty of Xenophon, three propositions of Euclid, with a sufficient amount of history, geography, and logic, would be an ordinary day's work. It is fair I should own that when the time of examination came I found him usually imbibing seltzer and curaçoa, with a wet towel round his head; or, in his robuster moments, practicing the dumb-bells to develop his muscles. So that the interrogatories were generally in this wise:

"How goes it, Digby? What of the Homer—eh?"

"It's Xenophon, Sir."

"To be sure it is. I was forgetting, as a man might who had my headache. And, by-the-way, Digby, why will your father give Burgundy at supper instead of Bordeaux? Some one must surely have told him accidentally it was a deadly poison, for he adheres to it with desperate fidelity."

"I believe I know my Greek, Sir," would I say, modestly, to recall him to the theme.

"Of course you do; you'd cut a sorry figure here this morning if you did not know it. No, Sir; I'm not the man to enjoy your father's confidence and take his money, and betray my trust. His words to me were, 'Make him a gentleman, Eccles. I could find scores of fellows to cram him with Greek particles and double equations, but I want the man who can turn out the perfect article—the gentleman.' Come now, what relations subsisted between Cyrus and Xenophon?"

"Xenophon coached him, Sir."

"So he did. Just strike a light for me. My head is splitting for want of a cigar. You may have a cigarette, too. I don't object. Virgil we'll keep till to-morrow. Virgil was a muff, after all. Virgil was a decentish sort of Martin Tupper, Digby. He had no wit, no repartee, no smartness; he prosed about plows and shepherds, like a maudlin old squire; or he told a very shady sort of anecdote about Dido, which I always doubted should be put into the hands of youth. Horace is free too, a thought too free; but he couldn't help it. Horace lived the same kind of life we do here, a sort of roast-partridge and pretty woman sort of life; but then he was the gentleman always. If old Flaccus had lived now, he'd have been pretty much like Bob Eccles, and putting in his divinity lectures perhaps. By-the-way, I hope your father won't go and give away that small rectory in Kent. 'We who live to preach, must preach to live.' That isn't exactly the line, but it will do. Pulvis et umbra sumus, Digby; and, take what care we may of ourselves, we must all go back, as the judges say, to the place from whence we came. There now, you've had classical criticism, sound morality, worldly wisdom, and the rest of it; and, with your permission, we'll pack up the books, and stand prorogued till—let me see—Saturday next."

Of course I moved no amendment, and went my way rejoicing.

From that hour I was free to follow my own inclinations, which usually took a horsey turn, and as the stable offered several mounts, I very often rode six hours a day. Hotham was always to be found in the pistol gallery about four of an afternoon, and I usually joined him there, and speedily became more than his match.

"Well, youngster," he would say, when beaten and irritable, "I can beat your head off at billiards, any how."

But I was not long in robbing him of even this boast, and in less than three months I could defy the best player in the house. The fact was, I had in a remarkable degree that small talent for games of every kind which is a specialty with certain persons. I could not only learn a game quickly, but almost always attain considerable skill in it.

"So, Sir," said my father to me one day at dinner—and nothing was more rare than for him to address a word to me, and I was startled as he did so—"so, Sir, you are going to turn out an Admirable Crichton on my hands, it seems. I hear of nothing but your billiard-playing, your horsemanship, and your cricketing, while Mr. Eccles tells me that your progress with him is equally remarkable." He stopped, and seemed to expect me to make some rejoinder; but I could not utter a word, and felt overwhelmed at the observation and notice his speech had drawn upon me.

"It's better I should tell you at once," resumed my father, "that I dislike prodigies. I dislike because I distrust them. The fellow who knows at fourteen what he might reasonably have known at thirty is not unlikely to stop short at fifteen, and grow no more. I don't want to be personal, but I have heard it said Cleremont was a very clever boy."

The impertinence of this speech, and the laughter it at once excited, served to turn attention away from me; but, through the buzz and murmur around, I overheard Cleremont say to Hotham, "I shall pull him up short one of these days, and you'll see an end of all this."

"Now," continued my father, "if Eccles had told me that the boy was a skillful hand at sherry-cobbler, or a rare judge of a Cuban cigar, I'd have reposed more faith in the assurance than when he spoke of his classics."

"He ain't bad at a gin-sling with bitters, that I must say," said Eccles, whose self control, or good-humor, mayhap some less worthy trait, always carried him successfully over a difficulty.

"So, Sir," said my father, turning again on me, "the range of your accomplishments is complete. You might be a tapster or a jockey. When the nobility of France came to ruin in the Revolution the best blood of the kingdom became barbers and dancing-masters: so that when some fine morning that gay gentleman yonder will discover that he is a beggar, he'll have no difficulty in finding a calling to suit his tastes, and square with his abilities. What's Hotham grumbling about? Will any one interpret him for me?"

"Hotham is saying that this claret is corked," said the sea-captain, with a hoarse loud voice.

"Bottled at home!" said my father, "and, like your own education, Hotham, spoiled for a beggarly economy."

"I'm glad you've got it," muttered Cleremont, whose eyes glistened with malignant spite. "I have had enough of this; I'm for coffee," and he arose as he spoke.

"Has Cleremont left us?" asked my father.

"Yes; that last bottle has finished him. I told you before, Nixon knows nothing about wine. I saw that hogshead lying bung up for eight weeks before it was drawn off for bottling."

"Why didn't you speak to him about it, then?"

"And be told that I'm not his master, eh? You don't seem to know, Norcott, that you've got a houseful of the most insolent servants in Christendom. Cleremont's wife wanted the chestnuts yesterday in the phaeton, and George refused her; she might take the cobs, or nothing."

"Quite true," chimed in Eccles; "and the fellow said, 'I'm a-taking the young horses out in the break, and if the missis wants to see the chestnuts, she'd better come with *me*.'"

"And as to a late breakfast now, it's quite impossible; they delay and delay till they run you into luncheon," growled Hotham.

"They serve me my chocolate pretty regularly," said my father, negligently, and he arose and strolled out of the room. As he went he slipped his arm within mine, and said, in a half-whisper, "I suppose it will come to this—I shall have to change my friends or my household. Which would you advise?"

"I'd say the friends, Sir."

"So should I, but that they would not easily find another place. There, go and see is the billiard-room lighted. I want to see you play a game with Cleremont."

Cleremont was evidently sulking under the sarcasm passed on him, and took up his cue to play with a bad grace.

"Who will have five francs on the party?" said my father. "I'm going to back the boy."

"Make it pounds, Norcott," said Hotham.

"I'll give you six to five in tens," said Cleremont to my father. "Will you take it?"

I was growing white and red by turns all this time. I was terrified at the thought that money was to be staked on my play, and frightened by the mere presence of my father at the table.

"The youngster is too nervous to play. Don't let him, Norcott," said Hotham, with a kindness I had not given him credit for.

"Give me the cue, Digby; I'll take your place," said my father, and Cleremont and Hotham both drew nigh, and talked to him in a low tone.

"Eight and the stroke then be it," said my father, "and the bet in fifties." The others nodded, and Cleremont began the game.

I could not have believed I could have suffered the amount of intense anxiety that game cost me. Had my life been on the issue I do not think I could have gone through greater alternations of hope and fear than now succeeded in my heart. Cleremont started with eight points odds, and made thirty-two off the balls before my father began to play. He now took his place, and by the first stroke displayed a perfect mastery of the game. There was a sort of languid grace, an indolent elegance about all he did, that when the stroke required vigor or power made me tremble for the result, but somehow he imparted the exact amount of force needed, and the balls moved about here and there as though obedient to some subtle instinct of which the cue gave a mere sign. He scored forty-two points in a few minutes, and then drawing himself up, said: "There's an eight-stroke now on the table. I'll give any one three hundred Naps to two that I do it."

None spoke. "Or, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take fifty from each of you and draw the game!" Another as complete silence ensued. "Or, here's a third proposition, Give me fifty between you, and I'll hand over the cue to the boy; he shall finish the game."

"Oh no, Sir! I beg you—I entreat—" I began; but already, "Done!" had been loudly uttered by both together, and the bet was ratified.

"Don't be nervous, boy," said my father, handing me his cue. "You see what's on the balls. You carom and hold the white, and land the red in the middle pocket. If you can't do the brilliant thing, and finish the game with an eight-stroke, do the safe one—the carom on the hazard. But, above all, don't lose your stroke, Sir. Mind that, for I've a pot of money on the game."

"I don't think you ought to counsel him, Norcott," said Cleremont. "If he's a player, he's fit to devise his own game."

"Oh, hang it, no," broke in Hotham; "Norcott has a perfect right to tell him what's on the table."

"If you object seriously, Sir," said my father, proudly, "the party is at an end."

"I put it to yourself," began Cleremont.

"You shall not appeal to me against myself, Sir. You either withdraw your objection, or you maintain it."

"Of course he withdraws it," said Hotham, whose eyes never wandered from my father's face.

Cleremont nodded a half-unwilling assent.

"You will do me the courtesy to speak, perhaps," said my father; and every word came from him with a tremulous roll.

"Yes, yes, I agree. There was really nothing in my remark," said Cleremont, whose self-control seemed taxed to its last limit.

"There, go on, boy, and finish this stupid affair," said my father; and he turned to the chimney to light his cigar.

I leaned over the table, and a mist seemed to rise before me. I saw volumes of cloud rolling swiftly across, and meteors, or billiard-balls, I knew not which, shooting through them. I played and missed; I did not even strike a ball. A wild roar of laughter, a cry of joy, and a confused blending of several voices in various tones followed, and I stood there like one stunned into immobility. Meanwhile Cleremont finished the game, and, clapping me gayly on the shoulder, cried, "I'm more grateful to you than your father is, my lad. That shaking hand of yours has made a difference of two hundred Naps to me." I turned toward the fire; my father had left the room.

TEMPER.

We generally pity a man or woman who has an obviously bad temper; but to have a bad temper and ample opportunities for gratifying it must be a great pleasure. The dull complacency of good-humor offers no such keen delights as the little revenges which a bad-tempered woman loves to wreak upon her social enemies. A bad temper is a sort of sixth sense, which has its own sorrows and its own satisfaction; and, like the other senses, in favorable circumstances the satisfaction predominates. It is a great mistake to consider that even the worst form of bad temper—the sulky attitude—necessarily involves the wretchedness of the sulker. Not at all. The man or woman who sulks looks upon himself or herself as a martyr, and enjoys the sweet solace of martyrdom. Then the discomfort they inflict upon the people against whom they sulk is another keen enjoyment. In fact, if sulking were not pleasant, people wouldn't sulk. It gives a man pleasure to gratify his bad temper; and it gives him pleasure to sulk. Among women these enjoyments are heightened by a greater sensitiveness, both on the part of the performers and that of their victims. When a man gets into the sulky attitude, and thinks he will annoy his friends by refusing their invitations to dinner, we simply say to him, "Very well. Sulk as long as you please. If you will be unhappy, be. We have too much on our hands to trouble ourselves about whether you choose to be uncomfortable or the reverse. If you won't come to our dinner-parties, let us hope that others will; and we have no reason to anticipate that the soup and the fish will be any the worse for your absence." But women, gentle souls! do not look upon a seceding friend in this philosophic light. They are distressed to think that Jane, or Aunt Thompson, or Lady Morland's maiden sister, should think that they have been unkind to her. It is with deep depression that they hear how very miserable their former bosom-friend now is; and they perplex themselves, and their husbands too, about the best method of reconciliation.

The wreaking of bad temper is one of the pleasantest occupations of humanity; but it leaves bad physical effects behind it. We must guard ourselves, however, against the popular delusion that thin people are naturally prone to bad temper, and that stout people are almost invariably good-natured. The writer's experience, at least, tends to precisely the opposite conclusion. Fat men are not energetically angry—they do not cuff boys, thrash their horses, and so on; but they are far more impatient of hindrances, and apt to be ruffled by little annoyances. Put a fat man and a thin man to whip a trout-stream when the fish are not rising; who will first begin to growl muttered curses, and crack the flies off his line with bad temper, and then throw the rod away and fling himself on the grass in disgust? Suppose both of them to be "hung up;" which will exhibit the most patience and good-humor in getting the line off the tree? Bad temper is a keen weapon, but it is frequently found in a very soft and capacious sheath. The evil physical effects of bad temper, however, tell equally on the stout and the thin, and they are more serious than many people imagine. The effect which a fit of choler has upon the system, when general weakness predisposes to a catastrophe, shows what the effect must also be when greater strength of the system prevents its being immediately visible. When a man drops down and dies through a fit of anger there must be some other ailment assisting; but that anger should, in any case, have the power to accelerate the catastrophe is sufficiently significant. Persons with disease of the heart, or any affliction likely to suffer from a shock to the nerves, are warned by the doctors to abstain from irritating disputes, and generally to avoid those men or things likely to provoke their anger. It is an advice which is applicable to all; because there are few of us so situated that our bad temper, if we have one, may be gratified with impunity. Better to cultivate the even tenor of a sublime indifferentism than to reap the uncertain satisfaction of expending little fire-crackers of wrath.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Pocket-picking has become an art; and the very height of the season for practicing it is rapidly approaching. It flourishes most when lectures, and concerts, musical soirées, operas, and theatrical performances are most enthusiastically patronized; when the rush of down-town business leads to the constant interchange of the largest quantity of greenbacks; when the purchase of holiday gifts seems to demand that pockets should contain the "wherewithal." Between five and seven o'clock in the evening the cars going up town are crowded to their utmost capacity. The inside passengers are packed together in every cross-grained way, and the outsiders hang on as they can. Whatever energies remain to the business-man after a day of exhausting labor are expended in the simple effort to sustain existence during a wearisome ride of perhaps an hour. He can not be expected to keep his thoughts all the time upon his pockets; and as all of his neighbors are, of necessity, sticking their elbows into him, he must suspect every body, if any body. But unfortunately the pickpocket considers the overcrowded car as his Wall Street, where, ever keeping his eyes open for a chance, by a skillful turn of his hand, he may realize something handsome. There seems to be no other way, when in a crowd, but for the owners of pocket-books, watches, and diamond pins, to regard all their neighbors with a prudent suspicion.

According to one of our daily papers the pocket of the pantaloons is the most dangerous place in which a man can keep his money. However that may be it is well for all to understand the *modus operandi* frequently adopted for abstracting the pocket-book. Several pickpockets band together for the purpose of doing business. Their plans are laid carefully, and they frequent cars, railway stations, public meetings, or any place where there is a crowd. They select a victim quietly and surround him, as if by accident, and communicate with each other by unobserved signs. The one who operates does not place his hand in the pocket, that is a fatal error; but with the first two fingers he gently draws up the lining of the pocket to the opening, and with it the wallet, which is immediately passed to a confederate. Disputes and disturbances of various kinds are often started in a car with no other purpose than to attract the attention of passengers, and give the opportunity to investigate pockets. Ladies have quite as much need to be on their guard as gentlemen. As a general thing, however, every one believes that *he* is careful enough until he has had a severe personal experience. The safest rule is to carry very little money in one's pocket.

Life is short, and books are often long, and always multitudinous. Some books are merely to be tasted of, others to be wholly rejected, while only a moderate number are to be thoroughly read and carefully digested.

An exchange says that the following prescription will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time. Colds are unusually prevalent just now, and this remedy is so simple that it can do no harm, certainly, to try it: Take the white of two eggs and beat them with two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, then add a pint of lukewarm water. Repeat the prescription if necessary.

A smart little four-year-old boy, living in Ashland, New Hampshire, performed quite a feat the other day. He was playing in the yard with his younger sister and a pet bantam chicken, when a large Arctic hawk suddenly swooped down and attempted to carry off the chicken. He succeeded in getting it in his talons, when the little boy grasped a small hatchet lying near by and smartly pounded the hawk until he released his prey and flew away wounded and with the loss of some of his plumage. The lad's mother saw the occurrence, but was unable to reach the spot before the predatory bird had taken its flight.

From the Buffalo *Courier* we learn that there are now on exhibition at the rooms of the Society of Natural Science in that city two very remarkable geological specimens. One is the fossil imprint of the foot of a man, or rather the cast of such an imprint. It was discovered by a workman in a colliery in western Pennsylvania. The spot where it was found was nearly a mile from the pit's mouth, and some three hundred feet from the surface. The rock in which it was imbedded belongs to the paleozoic age, and the imprint, if such it be, must have been made millions of years before the present geological era commenced. It is the cast of the left foot of a man of ordinary size, and is perfectly defined. The second specimen is a large slab of sandstone, on which, stamped in the solid rock, can be seen the imprint of horses' hoofs, perfectly preserved, and varying in size from the track of a full-grown horse to that of a young colt. They point in different directions, as though the animals had been leisurely walking about, cropping the luxuriant grasses on that tropical period. These specimens were presented by reliable gentlemen, and it is surmised that the present system of geology will be more than ever complicated by their discovery.

The famous pedestrian Weston has undertaken another feat—namely, to walk within one hundred days, commencing on December 1, from Bangor, Maine, to St. Paul, Minnesota, and thence to this city, by such routes as he may select to the extent of five thousand miles. He is to rest during the whole of each Sunday. This trial trip is undertaken at the severest season of the year, when drifting storms may be expected. That such extraordinary tests of endurance are unwise there is no question; yet some good may result to the public by inspiring young men, and women also, to take more vigorous outdoor exercise in the way of brisk walking. It is an interesting fact, as stated by Mr. Weston himself, that he does not depend at all upon the stimulus of alcoholic drinks for success in his walking trips. He says that he regards the use of intoxicating liquors on the occasion of the performance of any task requiring strength and nerve not only unnecessary, but wholly injurious. The moment a man partakes of such stimulants at such a time he ceases to work upon his own strength of manhood, and is simply using a false power built upon a medicine. It may help him for the moment, but the effect is of short duration, and then he is worse than before. It not only weakens his body but his nerve, and takes away his will; and that is not all—it will take away his appetite for food.

The English journals give a singular account of a convict who escaped from his cell by means of a wooden spoon, some bits of wire, and a needle and thread. The door of his cell was iron, and the lock on the outside. He made a key from the spoon, and passed a thread over and under the door with the needle; bits of wire were pushed through the inspection hole, and fastened to this long thread extending outside from top to bottom. The key was also pushed through, and, being fastened to the thread, was brought opposite the keyhole by dextrous manipulation of the slender line, worked gently in, then turned by means of the wire, and the door was opened. The man who possessed the ingenuity and patience to accomplish such a deed ought never to have been inside of prison walls. He might have made fame and fortune elsewhere.

It is believed that two-thirds of the thirty thousand patients confined in French lunatic asylums are perfectly sane. When a person becomes too much in the way of his friends (!) or others, it is not uncommon to apply for a certificate of insanity, which is usually obtained with little difficulty. And when once confined in the asylum, a person is, as it were, dead; there is little hope of relief.

According to some sagacious writer, marriage does not depend so much upon love as upon the price of corn. Hence when breadstuffs decrease in value marriages should increase.

The Geographical Society are discussing the propriety of another Arctic expedition under the command of the celebrated explorer, Dr. Hayes.

The Board of Health state that, during the week ending November 14, there was less mortality in New York city than has been known for several years. The total number of deaths was 334.

A very interesting description of the solar eclipse of last August comes from India from the pen of an observer on the banks of the Bhima. We quote one or two brief passages from the lengthy account:

"Two or three minutes before the total obscuration the thermometer began to fall rapidly, the wind grew perceptibly colder, and the clouds thickened and darkened, and quite obscured the sun. It was a moment of intense interest; crows flew low, and kites fluttered as if distressed to find darkness upon them before they could reach their accustomed perches. At Solapur the poultry went to roost; and some cattle not far from us seemed to be proceeding home of their own accord. The only instance of perfect stoicism I heard of was that of a man plowing quite near where I was, and whom I heard turning his bullocks in the midst of the darkness of totality. The darkness of totality has also been often affirmed to give rise to strong feelings of horror. To me the rapidity of the motion of the tremendous pall, and the suddenness and completeness of the final pulse of darkness, were inexpressibly grand and never to be forgotten; and it so absorbed the senses that the wind seemed to cease, and only after a few seconds of darkness I heard the distant cries from the village below. The darkness continued about three minutes—though they seemed very short ones—and the mercury went down to 76 degrees, while the dew fell very rapidly, and was driven by the wind like a thin drizzle of rain, and I felt it getting very chilly. At length the low arch of light to the north began to enlarge round by the west, and the great curtain to be withdrawn with the same majestic sweep with which it had been cast over us, and soon its edge was seen passing over the zenith and vanishing in a lessening arch to the southeast. And, as the light had disappeared, so for a few seconds it appeared to return, not by regular accessions as day opens from the gray dawn, but at first by rapid pulses and then gradually."

The United States Consul at Zurich has sent to the Secretary of State a painfully interesting account of the recent inundations in Switzerland, and the sufferings of the people in consequence. The loss of property, though great, bears no ratio to the amount of suffering involved, because it has fallen not upon wealthy individuals or corporations, but upon the poor. The Swiss mountaineer barely exists. He lives in narrow gorges between mountains crowned with eternal snows. His winters are eight months, his summers four months long; he has no spring and no autumn. He lives in a small rude structure, half house, half stable, close to the torrent that rushes down his valley. He owns a few goats, a few sheep, and two or three cows. For the winter food of those he employs half of his summer in bringing on his back, from almost inaccessible grass-plots above him, a supply of hay—so short and fine does it grow that one might almost call it moss! The other half of his summer is consumed in gathering fuel for the winter. His wife and children, meanwhile, cultivate the potatoes and other scanty vegetables, and tend the flocks. When a flood comes, the value in money of what he has lost may not be more than one or two hundred dollars, but he is left a helpless beggar. It is stated that perhaps ten thousand dwellings which still stand have been flooded, and that at this season of the year they can not be dried; and that therefore to live in them is to invite fevers, rheumatisms, and other similar diseases. Already sickness is reported as having broken out in the stricken districts to an extent that almost amounts to an epidemic.

An American merchant visiting England went into a fashionable London church one Sunday soon after service had commenced, and stood in the aisle. The pew-opener passed him several times and took no notice of him. "They show more respect to a stranger in American churches," said he to himself, and determined to give them a lesson. Seeing that there was plenty of room in several pews but the pew-opener passed him again and again without offering a seat, he quietly spread open his coat-tails and squatted down on the neatly matted aisle. The clergyman noticed him, and looked at the pew-opener, who at once went to him and offered him a seat. "No, thank you," whispered the merchant, "I am quite comfortable, and shall sit here all the service."

Not long ago a New Haven gentleman ordered a wedding-suit, including, of course, a satin vest. On the bridal evening, the ceremony having been performed, just as the clergyman was departing, the gentleman took from the pocket of his vest, and slipped into the parson's hand, what he supposed was a greenback of some value, which he had put there for the purpose. Some weeks afterward, while wearing the same vest, he put his fingers into his pocket, and pulled out, to his great horror, the identical bank-note which he supposed had long before gladdened the heart of the worthy clergyman. Great was his consternation. What could he have given the parson? He ascertained the next day that he had given him a strip of satin two or three inches long, which the tailor had left in the pocket of his vest. Explanations and a hearty laugh followed.

The Gota Canal in Sweden is said to have cost the government $9,000,000. It connects the chain of lakes that lie between the Baltic and the Cattegat. The sail through this canal is said to be novel and interesting. It traverses a beautiful and fertile country, and on every side are neat Swedish towns and well-cultivated fields. The canal in many places is scarcely broader than the ships which traverse it.

IN PAWN.

Blank and bare was the humble room
In a crowded tenement, narrow and high,
Where the sewing-girl sat in the gathering gloom
With little left her of health's bright bloom;
And close to the window shone the sky.

At her poor work-table she sat alone;
And skeleton-like her hands had grown
With labor by day and often at night;
Long and slender and ivory white
The nimble fingers, idle now,
For a wonder, as they clasped her brow;
Idle, because but an hour before,
Lifting her hood and her coarse gray shawl
Each from its nail in the chamber wall,
And never a moment thinking to stop
Only to fasten the chamber door—
An hour before on that very day
From her attic room she had hurried away,
Bearing her sewing off to the shop.

"Sewing was scarce," they had told her there,
And little if any there would be
For maybe a week or more, and she
Must wait until Saturday's set of sun
To be paid for the work already done;
And home she had come with a burden of care
Bearing down with its iron weight
The heart in her breast, for her next week's rent
Would be due before then, and her every cent
She had spent that morn for the bread she ate.

So she sat her down in her attic room,
Silent and sad 'mid the gathering gloom,
With her skeleton fingers, idle now,
Rigidly clasping her aching brow,
Thinking, pondering what she would say
To the landlord when he should come that way,
While the swift-winged moments lightly flew,
How many had gone she hardly knew
When she raised her eyes to the opposite wall,
Where her hood hung and her cast-off shawl,
And the Sunday dress she had made with care
That had known so little as yet of wear,
Fashioned and fitted, back and waist,
Skirt and sleeves with the nicest taste,
Gored and frilled, with a small rosette
Here and there in the trimming set,
With buttons of steel that glimmered white
Like silver beads in the failing light;
And all of that delicate shade and hue
That suited her best as the poor girl knew.

Then she lifted down from their place on the wall
Again her hood and her coarse gray shawl
And the dress that was hanging beside them there,
And folding it with the tenderest care
Wrapped it in paper, while from each lid,
Like a scintillant diamond, a bright tear slid;
And passing out through the narrow door
And down six flights to the street once more,
With hasty step through the surging crowd,
The sound of whose murmur gathered loud,
Like a moving shadow she flitted past,
Nor lingered a moment until at last,
Backward behind her the glazed door swung
Where the gilded sign of the Pawnbroker hung.

Men and women and children there,
Standing all of them in a line,
Some with faces furrowed with care,
Others where vice had left its sign,
And even some in whose eyes' strange glare
Hunger lurked with a famished stare;
While the broker's clerks, with their pens in hand,
Wrote the tickets, or closely scanned
Each separate package, and last her own,
Talking and haggling over the loan;
Then out from the dingy shop she passed,
Leaving behind on the brown shelves there
The Sunday dress she had made with care,
As backward in thought a glance she cast
At that pleasant Sabbath a month ago,
When leaving the sweltering city's heat,
Through green lanes bordered with fields of wheat
She felt cool airs on her wan cheek blow
And heard the church bells sweet and low.
And ever anon the cat-bird's song
And the thrush's voice as she wound along,
Smothered half in the leafy trees,
And scented the rose in each wandering breeze.

And she sighed to think while her tears would flow
How many Sabbaths might come and go,
When, clad once more in that Sunday dress,
Those pleasant by-ways her feet would press;
How autumn might burn the pastures brown,
And the autumn rain come drizzling down;
And the wind, so balmy, gathering cold,
Scatter the woodland's wealth of gold,
Ere her hands should labor enough to repay
The meagre loan she had got that day.

And on she passed as the night came down
With its dusky mantle upon the town,
And one by one each glimmering light
In the dazzled street-lamps gathered bright,
And the twinkling stars in the azure sky
Looked calmly down from their homes on high,
As once again in her attic room
She sat alone in the twilight gloom.

Oh, mothers whose hearts are warm with love;
Oh, sweet young wife with cheeks like the rose;
Oh, maiden, you with the eyes of a dove,
Thank God for the comforts His hand bestows;
For on rich and poor though his rain may fall,
Such blessings as yours are not given to all!

an average height of 8000 feet, overlooking the town and its splendid bay—the same range which intersects the island longitudinally and diffuses itself by spurs over nearly the entire surface. This chain consists principally of granite, mingled with gneiss and sienite, overlaid by secondary and tertiary formations more or less calcareous and abounding in fossils. The "Cobre," at one time one of the richest copper mines in the world, is situated in one of these mountains a few miles inland and northwest of the town. Over one of these mines is erected the far-famed chapel to the Virgin of the Catholic population. A curious legal question arose a few years ago as to how deep the earth was consecrated! Working at the mines was recently stopped because of the oppressive royalty imposed by the now exiled Queen ISABELLA.

A large military hospital has been erected east of the town, which would compare favorably with any similar institution in the world. The barracks have recently been commenced. A chain of forts is destined to encircle the eminence upon which the town stands, but the money devoted to this purpose has thus far barely paid the engineers for drawing out the plans.

Santiago has a more antique appearance than any of the other large towns on the island, and is picturesque and imposing when viewed from a little distance. The houses are painted blue, red, yellow, and green. The streets in some parts are very precipitous, following the steep declivity of the hills, but are built at right angles, except where from necessity they wind around the hills. Being narrow, and the houses being provided with iron gratings, these streets would afford abundant protection to the insurgents. The prison, which is always protected by a guard of soldiers, is a strong building for defenses.

The town is ornamented by a Plaza, laid out with taste, and studded with beautiful trees. The Cathedral occupies one entire side of the square, and is opposite the Governor's mansion. There is a free public library containing 40,000 volumes, and the nucleus of a museum. The population of the town is about 25,000.

THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.

OUR illustration on page 793 represents the unwonted condition of Madrid in these days of popular excitement, and the strange proceedings in which large numbers of the laboring-class inhabitants are now engaged since they have been thrown out of employment by the general interruption of trade. Some thousands are now paid and fed by the Provisional Government, as was done at Paris for some months after the French Revolution of February, 1848, and, as their services are not required for any really useful or urgent work, it has been thought fit to set them to the task of demolishing the old city walls. They seem to take this job very easily, as might, indeed, be expected, knowing that they will get their daily rations and wages so long as the Provisional Government has any money in hand, unless the secure establishment of a powerful and effective administration should allow them to be dismissed without endangering the peace of the city. Our sketch represents the emancipated populace destroying a very obnoxious institution—the executioner's scaffold—in an open space outside the city. The mode of inflicting capital punishment in Spain is rather peculiar, being neither by the gallows nor by the guillotine, but strangulation by the *garrote*, which is a small wire hoop, passed round the culprit's neck as he sits with his back to an upright post; so that when the executioner, standing behind the post, draws the wire forcibly back, the throat of the doomed man is at once compressed, and death is instantly caused. The Provisional Government has already decreed the abolition of capital punishment; but this will, of course, be a question for future legislation.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER V.

A FIRST DINNER-PARTY.

I WAS made "presentable" in due time, and on the fifth day after my arrival made my appearance at the dinner-table. "Sit there, Sir," said my father, "opposite me." And I was not sorry to perceive that an enormous vase with flowers effectually screened me from his sight. The post of honor thus accorded me was a sufficient intimation to my father's guests how he intended me to be treated by them; and as they were without an exception all hangers-on and dependents—men who dined badly or not at all when uninvited to his table—they were marvelously quick in understanding that I was to be accepted as his heir, and, after himself, the person of most consideration there.

Besides the three individuals I have already mentioned, our party included two foreigners—Baron Steinmetz, an aid-de-camp of the King, and an Italian duke, San Giovanni. The duke sat on my father's right, the baron on mine. The conversation during dinner was in French, which I followed imperfectly, and was considerably relieved on discovering that the German spoke French with difficulty, and blundered over his genders as hopelessly as I should have done had I attempted to talk. "Ach Gott," muttered he to himself in German, "when people were seeking for a common language, why didn't they take one that all humanity could pronounce?"

"So mein ich auch, Herr Baron," cried I; "I quite agree with you."

He turned toward me with a look of positive affection, on seeing I knew German, and we both began to talk together at once with freedom.

"What's the boy saying?" cried my father, as he caught the sounds of some glib speech of mine. "Don't let him bore you with his bad French, Steinmetz."

"He is charming me with his admirable German," said the baron. "I can't tell when I have met a more agreeable companion."

This was of course a double flattery, for my German was very bad, and my knowledge on any subject no better; but the fact did not diminish the delight the praise afforded me.

"Do you know German, Digby?" asked my father.

"A little—a very little, Sir."

"The fellow would say he knew Sanscrit, if you asked him," whispered Hotham to Eccles; but my sharp ears overheard him.

"Come, that's better than I looked for," said my father. "What do you say, Eccles? Is there stuff there?"

"Plenty, Sir Roger; enough and to spare. I count on Digby to do me great credit yet."

"What career do you mean your son to follow?" asked the Italian, while he nodded to me over his wine-glass in most civil recognition.

"I'll not make a sailor of him, like that sea-wolf yonder; nor a diplomatist, like my silent friend in the corner. Neither shall he be a soldier, till British armies begin to do something better than hunt out illicit stills and protect process-servers."

"A politician, perhaps?"

"Certainly not, Sir. There's no credit in belonging to a Parliament brought down to the meridian of soap-boilers and bankrupt bill-brokers."

"There's the Church, Sir Roger," chimed in Eccles.

"There's the Pope's Church, with some good prizes in the wheel; but your branch, Master Bob, is a small concern, and it is trembling besides. No. I'll make him none of these. It is in our vulgar passion for money-getting we throw our boys into this or that career in life, and we narrow to the stupid formula of some profession abilities that were meant for mankind. I mean Digby to deal with the world; and to fit him for the task he shall learn as much of human nature as I can afford to teach him."

"Ah, there's great truth in that, very great truth; very wise and very original too," were the comments that ran round the board.

Excited by his theme, and elated by his success, my father went on:

"If you want a boy to ride, you don't limit him to the quiet hackney that neither pulls nor shies, neither bolts nor plunges; and so, if you wish your son to know his fellow-man, you don't keep him in a charmed circle of deans and archdeacons, but you throw him fearlessly into contact with old debauchees like Hotham, or abandoned scamps of the style of Cleremont"—and here he had to wait till the laughter subsided to add, "and, last of all, you take care to provide him with a finishing tutor like Eccles."

"I knew your turn was coming, Bob," whispered Hotham; but still all laughed heartily, well satisfied to stand ridicule themselves if others were only pilloried with them.

When dinner was over, we sat about a quarter of an hour, not more, and then adjourned to coffee in a small room that seemed half boudoir, half conservatory. As I loitered about, having no one to speak to, I found myself at last in a little shrubbery, through which a sort of labyrinth meandered. It was a taste of the day revived from olden times, and amazed me much by its novelty. While I was puzzling myself to find out the path that led out of the entanglement I heard a voice I knew at once to be Hotham's saying:

"Look at that boy of Norcott's; he's not satisfied with the imbroglio within doors, but he must go out to mystify himself with another."

"I don't much fancy that young gentleman," said Cleremont.

"And I only half. Bob Eccles says we have all made a precious mistake in advising Norcott to bring him back."

"Yet it was our only chance to prevent it. Had we opposed the plan, he was sure to have determined on it. There's nothing for it but your notion, Hotham; let him send the brat to sea with you."

"Yes, I think that would do it." And now they had walked out of ear-shot, and I heard no more.

If I was not much reassured by these droppings I was far more moved by the way in which I came to hear them. Over and over had my dear mother cautioned me against listening to what was not meant for me; and here, simply because I found myself the topic, I could not resist the temptation to learn how men would speak of me. I remembered well the illustration by which my mother warned me as to the utter uselessness of the sort of knowledge thus gained. She told me of a theft some visitor had made at Abbotsford—the object stolen being a signet-ring Lord Byron had given to Sir Walter. The man who stole this could never display the treasure without avowing himself a thief. He had therefore taken what from the very moment of the fraud became valueless. He might gaze on it in secret with such pleasure as his self-accusings would permit. He might hug himself with the thought of possession; but how could that give pleasure or how drown the everlasting shame the mere sight of the object must revive? So would it be, my mother said, with him who unlawfully possessed himself of certain intelligence which he could not employ without being convicted of the way he gained it. The lesson thus illustrated had not ceased to be remembered by me; and though I tried all my casuistry to prove that I listened without intention, almost without being aware of it, I was shocked and grieved to find how soon I was forgetting the precepts she had labored so hard to impress upon me.

She had also said, "By the same rule which would compel you to restore to its owner what you had become possessed of wrongfully, you are bound to let him you have accidentally overheard know to what extent you are aware of his thoughts."

"This much at least I can do," said I; "I can tell these gentlemen that I heard a part of their conversation."

I walked about for nigh an hour revolving these things in my head, and at last returned to the house. As I entered the drawing-room I was struck by the silence. My father, Cleremont, and the two foreigners were playing whist at one end of the room, Hotham and Eccles were seated at chess at another. Not a word was uttered save some brief demand of the game, or a murmured "check" by the chess-players. Taking my place noiselessly beside these latter, I watched the board eagerly to try and acquire the moves.

"Do you understand the game?" whispered Hotham.

"No, Sir," said I, in the same cautious tone.

"I'll show you the moves, when this party is over." And I muttered my thanks for the courtesy.

"This is intolerable," cried out my father. "That confounded whispering is far more distracting than any noise. I have lost all count of my game. I say, Eccles, why is not that boy in bed?"

"I thought you said he might sup, Sir Roger."

"If I did it was because I thought he knew how to conduct himself. Take him away at once."

And Eccles rose, and with more kindness than I had expected from him, said, "Come, Digby, I'll go too, for we have both to be early risers to-morrow."

Thus ended my first day in public, and I have no need to say what a strange conflict filled my head that night as I dropped off to sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE DAYS WENT OVER.

IF I give one day of my life, I give, with very nearly exactness, the unbroken course of my existence. I rose very early—hours ere the rest of the household was stirring—to work at my lessons, which Mr. Eccles apportioned for me with a liberality that showed he had the highest opinion of my abilities, or—as I discovered later on to be the truth—a profound indifference about them. Thus a hundred lines of Virgil, thirty of Xenophon, three propositions of Euclid, with a sufficient amount of history, geography, and logic, would be an ordinary day's work. It is fair I should own that when the time of examination came I found him usually imbibing seltzer and curaçoa, with a wet towel round his head; or, in his robuster moments, practicing the dumb-bells to develop his muscles. So that the interrogatories were generally in this wise:

"How goes it, Digby? What of the Homer—eh?"

"It's Xenophon, Sir."

"To be sure it is. I was forgetting, as a man might who had my headache. And, by-the-way, Digby, why will your father give Burgundy at supper instead of Bordeaux? Some one must surely have told him accidentally it was a deadly poison, for he adheres to it with desperate fidelity."

"I believe I know my Greek, Sir," would I say, modestly, to recall him to the theme.

"Of course you do; you'd cut a sorry figure here this morning if you did not know it. No, Sir; I'm not the man to enjoy your father's confidence and take his money, and betray my trust. His words to me were, 'Make him a gentleman, Eccles. I could find scores of fellows to cram him with Greek particles and double equations, but I want the man who can turn out the perfect article—the gentleman.' Come now, what relations subsisted between Cyrus and Xenophon?"

"Xenophon coached him, Sir."

"So he did. Just strike a light for me. My head is splitting for want of a cigar. You may have a cigarette, too. I don't object. Virgil we'll keep till to-morrow. Virgil was a muff, after all. Virgil was a decentish sort of Martin Tupper, Digby. He had no wit, no repartee, no smartness; he prosed about plows and shepherds, like a maudlin old squire; or he told a very shady sort of anecdote about Dido, which I always doubted should be put into the hands of youth. Horace is free too, a thought too free; but he couldn't help it. Horace lived the same kind of life we do here, a sort of roast-partridge and pretty woman sort of life; but then he was the gentleman always. If old Flaccus had lived now, he'd have been pretty much like Bob Eccles, and putting in his divinity lectures perhaps. By-the-way, I hope your father won't go and give away that small rectory in Kent. 'We who live to preach, must preach to live.' That isn't exactly the line, but it will do. Pulvis et umbra sumus, Digby; and, take what care we may of ourselves, we must all go back, as the judges say, to the place from whence we came. There now, you've had classical criticism, sound morality, worldly wisdom, and the rest of it; and, with your permission, we'll pack up the books, and stand prorogued till—let me see—Saturday next."

Of course I moved no amendment, and went my way rejoicing.

From that hour I was free to follow my own inclinations, which usually took a horsey turn, and as the stable offered several mounts, I very often rode six hours a day. Hotham was always to be found in the pistol-gallery about four of an afternoon, and I usually joined him there, and speedily became more than his match.

"Well, youngster," he would say, when beaten and irritable, "I can beat your head off at billiards, any how."

But I was not long in robbing him of even this boast, and in less than three months I could defy the best player in the house. The fact was, I had in a remarkable degree that small talent for games of every kind which is a specialty with certain persons. I could not only learn a game quickly, but almost always attain considerable skill in it.

"So, Sir," said my father to me one day at dinner—and nothing was more rare than for him to address a word to me, and I was startled as he did so—"so, Sir, you are going to turn out an Admirable Crichton on my hands, it seems. I hear of nothing but your billiard-playing, your horsemanship, and your cricketing, while Mr. Eccles tells me that your progress with him is equally remarkable." He stopped, and seemed to expect me to make some rejoinder; but I could not utter a word, and felt overwhelmed at the observation and notice his speech had drawn upon me.

"It's better I should tell you at once," resumed my father, "that I dislike prodigies. I dislike because I distrust them. The fellow who knows at fourteen what he might reasonably have known at thirty is not unlikely to stop short at fifteen, and grow no more. I don't want to be personal, but I have heard it said Cleremont was a very clever boy."

The impertinence of this speech, and the laughter it at once excited, served to turn attention away from me; but, through the buzz and murmur around, I overheard Cleremont say to Hotham, "I shall pull him up short one of these days, and you'll see an end of all this."

"Now," continued my father, "if Eccles had told me that the boy was a skillful hand at sherry-cobbler, or a rare judge of a Cuban cigar, I'd have reposed more faith in the assurance than when he spoke of his classics."

"He ain't bad at a gin-sling with bitters, that I must say," said Eccles, whose self-control, or good-humor, mayhap some less worthy trait, always carried him successfully over a difficulty.

"So, Sir," said my father, turning again on me, "the range of your accomplishments is complete. You might be a tapster or a jockey. When the nobility of France came to ruin in the Revolution the best blood of the kingdom became barbers and dancing-masters: so that when some fine morning that gay gentleman yonder will discover that he is a beggar, he'll have no difficulty in finding a calling to suit his tastes, and square with his abilities. What's Hotham grumbling about? Will any one interpret him for me?"

"Hotham is saying that this claret is corked," said the sea-captain, with a hoarse loud voice.

"Bottled at home!" said my father, "and, like your own education, Hotham, spoiled for a beggarly economy."

"I'm glad you've got it," muttered Cleremont, whose eyes glistened with malignant spite. "I have had enough of this; I'm for coffee," and he arose as he spoke.

"Has Cleremont left us?" asked my father.

"Yes; that last bottle has finished him. I told you before, Nixon knows nothing about wine. I saw that hogshead lying bung up for eight weeks before it was drawn off for bottling."

"Why didn't you speak to him about it, then?"

"And be told that I'm not his master, eh? You don't seem to know, Norcott, that you've got a houseful of the most insolent servants in Christendom. Cleremont's wife wanted the chestnuts yesterday in the phaeton, and George refused her; she might take the cobs, or nothing."

"Quite true," chimed in Eccles; "and the fellow said, 'I'm a-taking the young horses out in the break, and if the missis wants to see the chestnuts, she'd better come with *me*.'"

"And as to a late breakfast now, it's quite impossible; they delay and delay till they run you into luncheon," growled Hotham.

"They serve me my chocolate pretty regularly," said my father, negligently, and he arose and strolled out of the room. As he went he slipped his arm within mine, and said, in a half-whisper, "I suppose it will come to this—I shall have to change my friends or my household. Which would you advise?"

"I'd say the friends, Sir."

"So should I, but that they would not easily find another place. There, go and see is the billiard-room lighted. I want to see you play a game with Cleremont."

Cleremont was evidently sulking under the sarcasm passed on him, and took up his cue to play with a bad grace.

"Who will have five francs on the party?" said my father. "I'm going to back the boy."

"Make it pounds, Norcott," said Hotham.

"I'll give you six to five, in tens," said Cleremont to my father. "Will you take it?"

I was growing white and red by turns all this time. I was terrified at the thought that money was to be staked on my play, and frightened by the mere presence of my father at the table.

"The youngster is too nervous to play. Don't let him, Norcott," said Hotham, with a kindness I had not given him credit for.

"Give me the cue, Digby; I'll take your place," said my father, and Cleremont and Hotham both drew nigh, and talked to him in a low tone.

"Eight and the stroke then be it," said my father, "and the bet in fifties." The others nodded, and Cleremont began the game

I could not have believed I could have suffered the amount of intense anxiety that game cost me. Had my life been on the issue I do not think I could have gone through greater alternations of hope and fear than now succeeded in my heart. Cleremont started with eight points odds, and made thirty-two off the balls before my father began to play. He now took his place, and by the first stroke displayed a perfect mastery of the game. There was a sort of languid grace, an indolent elegance about all he did, that when the stroke required vigor or power made me tremble for the result, but somehow he imparted the exact amount of force needed, and the balls moved about here and there as though obedient to some subtle instinct of which the cue gave a mere sign. He scored forty-two points in a few minutes, and then drawing himself up, said: "There's an eight-stroke now on the table. I'll give any one three hundred Naps to two that I do it."

None spoke. "Or, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take fifty from each of you and draw the game!" Another as complete silence ensued. "Or, here's a third proposition, Give me fifty between you, and I'll hand over the cue to the boy; he shall finish the game."

"Oh no, Sir! I beg you—I entreat—" I began; but already, "Done!" had been loudly uttered by both together, and the bet was ratified.

"Don't be nervous, boy," said my father, handing me his cue. "You see what's on the balls. You carom and hold the white, and land the red in the middle pocket. If you can't do the brilliant thing, and finish the game with an eight-stroke, do the safe one—the carom on the hazard. But, above all, don't lose your stroke, Sir. Mind that, for I've a pot of money on the game."

"I don't think you ought to counsel him, Norcott," said Cleremont. "If he's a player, he's fit to devise his own game."

"Oh, hang it, no," broke in Hotham; "Norcott has a perfect right to tell him what's on the table."

"If you object seriously, Sir," said my father, proudly, "the party is at an end."

"I put it to yourself," began Cleremont.

"You shall not appeal to me against myself, Sir. You either withdraw your objection, or you maintain it."

"Of course he withdraws it," said Hotham, whose eyes never wandered from my father's face.

Cleremont nodded a half-unwilling assent.

"You will do me the courtesy to speak, perhaps," said my father; and every word came from him with a tremulous roll.

"Yes, yes, I agree. There was really nothing in my remark," said Cleremont, whose self-control seemed taxed to its last limit.

"There, go on, boy, and finish this stupid affair," said my father; and he turned to the chimney to light his cigar.

I leaned over the table, and a mist seemed to rise before me. I saw volumes of cloud rolling swiftly across, and meteors, or billiard-balls, I knew not which, shooting through them. I played and missed; I did not even strike a ball. A wild roar of laughter, a cry of joy, and a confused blending of several voices in various tones followed, and I stood there like one stunned into immobility. Meanwhile Cleremont finished the game, and, clapping me gayly on the shoulder, cried, "I'm more grateful to you than your father is, my lad. That shaking hand of yours has made a difference of two hundred Naps to me." I turned toward the fire; my father had left the room.

TEMPER.

We generally pity a man or woman who has an obviously bad temper; but to have a bad temper and ample opportunities for gratifying it must be a great pleasure. The dull complacency of good-humor offers no such keen delights as the little revenges which a bad-tempered woman loves to wreak upon her social enemies. A bad temper is a sort of sixth sense, which has its own sorrows and its own satisfaction; and, like the other senses, in favorable circumstances the satisfaction predominates. It is a great mistake to consider that even the worst form of bad temper—the sulky attitude—necessarily involves the wretchedness of the sulker. Not at all. The man or woman who sulks looks upon himself or herself as a martyr, and enjoys the sweet solace of martyrdom. Then the discomfort they inflict upon the people against whom they sulk is another keen enjoyment. In fact, if sulking were not pleasant, people wouldn't sulk. It gives a man pleasure to gratify his bad temper; and it gives him pleasure to sulk. Among women these enjoyments are heightened by a greater sensitiveness, both on the part of the performers and that of their victims. When a man gets into the sulky attitude, and thinks he will annoy his friends by refusing their invitations to dinner, we simply say to him, "Very well. Sulk as long as you please. If you will be unhappy, be. We have too much on our hands to trouble ourselves about whether you choose to be uncomfortable or the reverse. If you won't come to our dinner-parties, let us hope that others will; and we have no reason to anticipate that the soup and the fish will be any the worse for your absence." But women, gentle souls! do not look upon a seceding friend in this philosophic light. They are distressed to think that Jane, or Aunt Thompson, or Lady Morland's maiden sister, should think that they have been unkind to her. It is with deep depression that they hear how very miserable their former bosom-friend now is; and they perplex themselves, and their husbands too, about the best method of reconciliation.

The wreaking of bad temper is one of the pleasantest occupations of humanity; but it leaves bad physical effects behind it. We must guard ourselves, however, against the popular delusion that thin people are naturally prone to bad temper, and that stout people are almost invariably good-natured. The writer's experience, at least, tends to precisely the opposite conclusion. Fat men are not energetically angry—they do not cuff boys, thrash their horses, and so on; but they are far more impatient of hindrances, and apt to be ruffled by little annoyances. Put a fat man and a thin man to whip a trout-stream when the fish are not rising; who will first begin to growl muttered curses, and crack the flies off his line with bad temper, and then throw the rod away and fling himself on the grass in disgust? Suppose both of them to be "hung up;" which will exhibit the most patience and good-humor in getting the line off the tree? Bad temper is a keen weapon, but it is frequently found in a very soft and capacious sheath. The evil physical effects of bad temper, however, tell equally on the stout and the thin, and they are more serious than many people imagine. The effect which a fit of choler has upon the system, when general weakness predisposes to a catastrophe, shows what the effect must also be when greater strength of the system prevents its being immediately visible. When a man drops down and dies through a fit of anger there must be some other ailment assisting; but that anger should, in any case, have the power to accelerate the catastrophe is sufficiently significant. Persons with disease of the heart, or any affliction likely to suffer from a shock to the nerves, are warned by the doctors to abstain from irritating disputes, and generally to avoid those men or things likely to provoke their anger. It is an advice which is applicable to all; because there are few of us so situated that our bad temper, if we have one, may be gratified with impunity. Better to cultivate the even tenor of a sublime indifferentism than to reap the uncertain satisfaction of expending little fire-crackers of wrath.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Pocket-picking has become an art; and the very height of the season for practicing it is rapidly approaching. It flourishes most when lectures, and concerts, musical soirées, operas, and theatrical performances are most enthusiastically patronized; when the rush of down-town business leads to the constant interchange of the largest quantity of greenbacks; when the purchase of holiday gifts seems to demand that pockets should contain the "wherewithal." Between five and seven o'clock in the evening the cars going up town are crowded to their utmost capacity. The inside passengers are packed together in every cross-grained way, and the outsiders hang on as they can. Whatever energies remain to the business-man after a day of exhausting labor are expended in the simple effort to sustain existence during a wearisome ride of perhaps an hour. He can not be expected to keep his thoughts all the time upon his pockets; and as all of his neighbors are, of necessity, sticking their elbows into him, he must suspect every body, if any body. But unfortunately the pickpocket considers the overcrowded car as his Wall Street, where, ever keeping his eyes open for a chance, by a skillful turn of his hand, he may realize something handsome. There seems to be no other way, when in a crowd, but for the owners of pocket-books, watches, and diamond pins, to regard all their neighbors with a prudent suspicion.

According to one of our daily papers the pocket of the pantaloons is the most dangerous place in which a man can keep his money. However that may be it is well for all to understand the *modus operandi* frequently adopted for abstracting the pocket-book. Several pickpockets band together for the purpose of doing business. Their plans are laid carefully, and they frequent cars, railway stations, public meetings, or any place where there is a crowd. They select a victim quietly and surround him, as if by accident, and communicate with each other by unobserved signs. The one who operates does not place his hand in the pocket, that is a fatal error; but with the first two fingers he gently draws up the lining of the pocket to the opening, and with it the wallet, which is immediately passed to a confederate. Disputes and disturbances of various kinds are often started in a car with no other purpose than to attract the attention of passengers, and give the opportunity to investigate pockets. Ladies have quite as much need to be on their guard as gentlemen. As a general thing, however, every one believes that *he* is careful enough until he has had a severe personal experience. The safest rule is to carry very little money in one's pocket.

Life is short, and books are often long, and always multitudinous. Some books are merely to be tasted of, others to be wholly rejected, while only a moderate number are to be thoroughly read and carefully digested.

An exchange says that the following prescription will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time. Colds are unusually prevalent just now, and this remedy is so simple that it can do no harm, certainly, to try it: Take the white of two eggs and beat them with two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, then add a pint of lukewarm water. Repeat the prescription if necessary.

A smart little four-year-old boy, living in Ashland, New Hampshire, performed quite a feat the other day. He was playing in the yard with his younger sister and a pet bantam chicken, when a large Arctic hawk suddenly swooped down and attempted to carry off the chicken. He succeeded in getting it in his talons, when the little boy grasped a small hatchet lying near by and smartly pounded the hawk until he released his prey and flew away wounded and with the loss of some of his plumage. The lad's mother saw the occurrence, but was unable to reach the spot before the predatory bird had taken its flight.

From the Buffalo *Courier* we learn that there are now on exhibition at the rooms of the Society of Natural Science in that city two very remarkable geological specimens. One is the fossil imprint of the foot of a man, or rather the cast of such an imprint. It was discovered by a workman in a colliery in western Pennsylvania. The spot where it was found was nearly a mile from the pit's mouth, and some three hundred feet from the surface. The rock in which it was imbedded belongs to the paleozoic age, and the imprint, if such it be, must have been made millions of years before the present geological era commenced. It is the cast of the left foot of a man of ordinary size, and is perfectly defined. The second specimen is a large slab of sandstone, on which, stamped in the solid rock, can be seen the imprint of horses' hoofs, perfectly preserved, and varying in size from the track of a full-grown horse to that of a young colt. They point in different directions, as though the animals had been leisurely walking about, cropping the luxuriant grasses on that tropical period. These specimens were presented by reliable gentlemen, and it is surmised that the present system of geology will be more than ever complicated by their discovery.

The famous pedestrian Weston has undertaken another feat—namely, to walk within one hundred days, commencing on December 1, from Bangor, Maine, to St. Paul, Minnesota, and thence to this city, by such routes as he may select to the extent of five thousand miles. He is to rest during the whole of each Sunday. This trial trip is undertaken at the severest season of the year, when drifting storms may be expected. That such extraordinary tests of endurance are unwise there is no question; yet some good may result to the public by inspiring young men, and women also, to take more vigorous outdoor exercise in the way of brisk walking. It is an interesting fact, as stated by Mr. Weston himself, that he does not depend at all upon the stimulus of alcoholic drinks for success in his walking trips. He says that he regards the use of intoxicating liquors on the occasion of the performance of any task requiring strength and nerve not only unnecessary, but wholly injurious. The moment a man partakes of such stimulants at such a time he ceases to work upon his own strength of manhood, and is simply using a false power built upon a medicine. It may help him for the moment, but the effect is of short duration, and then he is worse than before. It not only weakens his body but his nerve, and takes away his will; and that is not all—it will take away his appetite for food.

The English journals give a singular account of a convict who escaped from his cell by means of a wooden spoon, some bits of wire, and a needle and thread. The door of his cell was iron, and the lock on the outside. He made a key from the spoon, and passed a thread over and under the door with the needle; bits of wire were pushed through the inspection hole, and fastened to this long thread extending outside from top to bottom. The key was also pushed through, and, being fastened to the thread, was brought opposite the keyhole by dextrous manipulation of the slender line, worked gently in, then turned by means of the wire, and the door was opened. The man who possessed the ingenuity and patience to accomplish such a deed ought never to have been inside of prison walls. He might have made fame and fortune elsewhere.

It is believed that two-thirds of the thirty thousand patients confined in French lunatic asylums are perfectly sane. When a person becomes too much in the way of his friends (!) or others, it is not uncommon to apply for a certificate of insanity, which is usually obtained with little difficulty. And when once confined in the asylum, a person is, as it were, dead; there is little hope of relief.

According to some sagacious writer, marriage does not depend so much upon love as upon the price of corn. Hence when breadstuffs decrease in value marriages should increase.

The Geographical Society are discussing the propriety of another Arctic expedition under the command of the celebrated explorer, Dr. Hayes.

The Board of Health state that, during the week ending November 14, there was less mortality in New York city than has been known for several years. The total number of deaths was 334.

A very interesting description of the solar eclipse of last August comes from India from the pen of an observer on the banks of the Bhima. We quote one or two brief passages from the lengthy account:

"Two or three minutes before the total obscuration the thermometer began to fall rapidly, the wind grew perceptibly colder, and the clouds thickened and darkened, and quite obscured the sun. It was a moment of intense interest; crows flew low, and kites fluttered as if distressed to find darkness upon them before they could reach their accustomed perches. At Solapur the poultry went to roost; and some cattle not far from us seemed to be proceeding home of their own accord. The only instance of perfect stoicism I heard of was that of a man plowing quite near where I was, and whom I heard turning his bullocks in the midst of the darkness of totality. The darkness of totality has also been often affirmed to give rise to strong feelings of horror. To me the rapidity of the motion of the tremendous pall, and the suddenness and completeness of the final pulse of darkness, were inexpressibly grand and never to be forgotten; and it so absorbed the senses that the wind seemed to cease, and only after a few seconds of darkness I heard the distant cries from the village below. The darkness continued about three minutes—though they seemed very short ones—and the mercury went down to 76 degrees, while the dew fell very rapidly, and was driven by the wind like a thin drizzle of rain, and I felt it getting very chilly. At length the low arch of light to the north began to enlarge round by the west, and the great curtain to be withdrawn with the same majestic sweep with which it had been cast over us, and soon its edge was seen passing over the zenith and vanishing in a lessening arch to the southeast. And, as the light had disappeared, so for a few seconds it appeared to return, not by regular accessions as day opens from the gray dawn, but at first by rapid pulses and then gradually."

The United States Consul at Zurich has sent to the Secretary of State a painfully interesting account of the recent inundations in Switzerland, and the sufferings of the people in consequence. The loss of property, though great, bears no ratio to the amount of suffering involved, because it has fallen not upon wealthy individuals or corporations, but upon the poor. The Swiss mountaineer barely exists. He lives in narrow gorges between mountains crowned with eternal snows. His winters are eight months, his summers four months long; he has no spring and no autumn. He lives in a small rude structure, half house, half stable, close to the torrent that rushes down his valley. He owns a few goats, a few sheep, and two or three cows. For the winter food of those he employs half of his summer in bringing on his back, from almost inaccessible grass-plots above him, a supply of hay—so short and fine does it grow that one might almost call it moss! The other half of his summer is consumed in gathering fuel for the winter. His wife and children, meanwhile, cultivate the potatoes and other scanty vegetables, and tend the flocks. When a flood comes, the value in money of what he has lost may not be more than one or two hundred dollars, but he is left a helpless beggar. It is stated that perhaps ten thousand dwellings which still stand have been flooded, and that at this season of the year they can not be dried; and that therefore to live in them is to invite fevers, rheumatisms, and other similar diseases. Already sickness is reported as having broken out in the stricken districts to an extent that almost amounts to an epidemic.

An American merchant visiting England went into a fashionable London church one Sunday soon after service had commenced, and stood in the aisle. The pew-opener passed him several times and took no notice of him. "They show more respect to a stranger in American churches," said he to himself, and determined to give them a lesson. Seeing that there was plenty of room in several pews but the pew-opener passed him again and again without offering a seat, he quietly spread open his coat-tails and squatted down on the neatly matted aisle. The clergyman noticed him, and looked at the pew-opener, who at once went to him and offered him a seat. "No, thank you," whispered the merchant, "I am quite comfortable, and shall sit here all the service."

Not long ago a New Haven gentleman ordered a wedding suit, including, of course, a satin vest. On the bridal evening, the ceremony having been performed, just as the clergyman was departing, the gentleman took from the pocket of his vest, and slipped into the parson's hand, what he supposed was a greenback of some value, which he had put there for the purpose. Some weeks afterward, while wearing the same vest, he put his fingers into his pocket, and pulled out, to his great horror, the identical bank-note which he supposed had long before gladdened the heart of the worthy clergyman. Great was his consternation. What could he have given the parson? He ascertained the next day that he had given him a strip of satin two or three inches long, which the tailor had left in the pocket of his vest. Explanations and a hearty laugh followed.

The Gota Canal in Sweden is said to have cost the government $9,000,000. It connects the chain of lakes that lie between the Baltic and the Cattegat. The sail through this canal is said to be novel and interesting. It traverses a beautiful and fertile country, and on every side are neat Swedish towns and well-cultivated fields. The canal in many places is scarcely broader than the ships which traverse it.

IN PAWN.

Blank and bare was the humble room
In a crowded tenement, narrow and high,
Where the sewing-girl sat in the gathering gloom
With little left her of health's bright bloom;
And close to the window shone the sky.

At her poor work-table she sat alone;
And skeleton-like her hands had grown
With labor by day and often at night;
Long and slender and ivory white
The nimble fingers, idle now,
For a wonder, as they clasped her brow;
Idle, because but an hour before,
Lifting her hood and her coarse gray shawl
Each from its nail in the chamber wall,
And never a moment thinking to stop
Only to fasten the chamber door—
An hour before on that very day
From her attic room she had hurried away,
Bearing her sewing off to the shop.

"Sewing was scarce," they had told her there,
And little if any there would be
For maybe a week or more, and she
Must wait until Saturday's set of sun
To be paid for the work already done;
And home she had come with a burden of care
Bearing down with its iron weight
The heart in her breast, for her next week's rent
Would be due before then, and her every cent
She had spent that morn for the bread she ate.

So she sat her down in her attic room,
Silent and sad 'mid the gathering gloom,
With her skeleton fingers, idle now,
Rigidly clasping her aching brow,
Thinking, pondering what she would say
To the landlord when he should come that way,
While the swift-winged moments lightly flew,
How many had gone she hardly knew
When she raised her eyes to the opposite wall,
Where her hood hung and her cast-off shawl,
And the Sunday dress she had made with care
That had known so little as yet of wear,
Fashioned and fitted, back and waist,
Skirt and sleeves with the nicest taste,
Gored and frilled, with a small rosette
Here and there in the trimming set,
With buttons of steel that glimmered white
Like silver beads in the failing light;
And all of that delicate shade and hue
That suited her best as the poor girl knew.

Then she lifted down from their place on the wall
Again her hood and her coarse gray shawl
And the dress that was hanging beside them there,
And folding it with the tenderest care
Wrapped it in paper, while from each lid,
Like a scintillant diamond, a bright tear slid;
And passing out through the narrow door
And down six flights to the street once more,
With hasty step through the surging crowd,
The sound of whose murmur gathered loud,
Like a moving shadow she flitted past,
Nor lingered a moment until at last,
Backward behind her the glazed door swung
Where the gilded sign of the Pawnbroker hung.

Men and women and children there,
Standing all of them in a line,
Some with faces furrowed with care,
Others where vice had left its sign,
And even some in whose eyes' strange glare
Hunger lurked with a famished stare;
While the broker's clerks, with their pens in hand,
Wrote the tickets, or closely scanned
Each separate package, and last her own,
Talking and haggling over the loan;
Then out from the dingy shop she passed,
Leaving behind on the brown shelves there
The Sunday dress she had made with care,
As backward in thought a glance she cast
At that pleasant Sabbath a month ago,
When leaving the sweltering city's heat,
Through green lanes bordered with fields of wheat
She felt cool airs on her wan cheek blow
And heard the church bells sweet and low.
And ever anon the cat-bird's song
And the thrush's voice as she wound along,
Smothered half in the leafy trees,
And scented the rose in each wandering breeze.

And she sighed to think while her tears would flow
How many Sabbaths might come and go,
When, clad once more in that Sunday dress,
Those pleasant by-ways her feet would press;
How autumn might burn the pastures brown,
And the autumn rain come drizzling down;
And the wind, so balmy, gathering cold,
Scatter the woodland's wealth of gold,
Ere her hands should labor enough to repay
The meagre loan she had got that day.

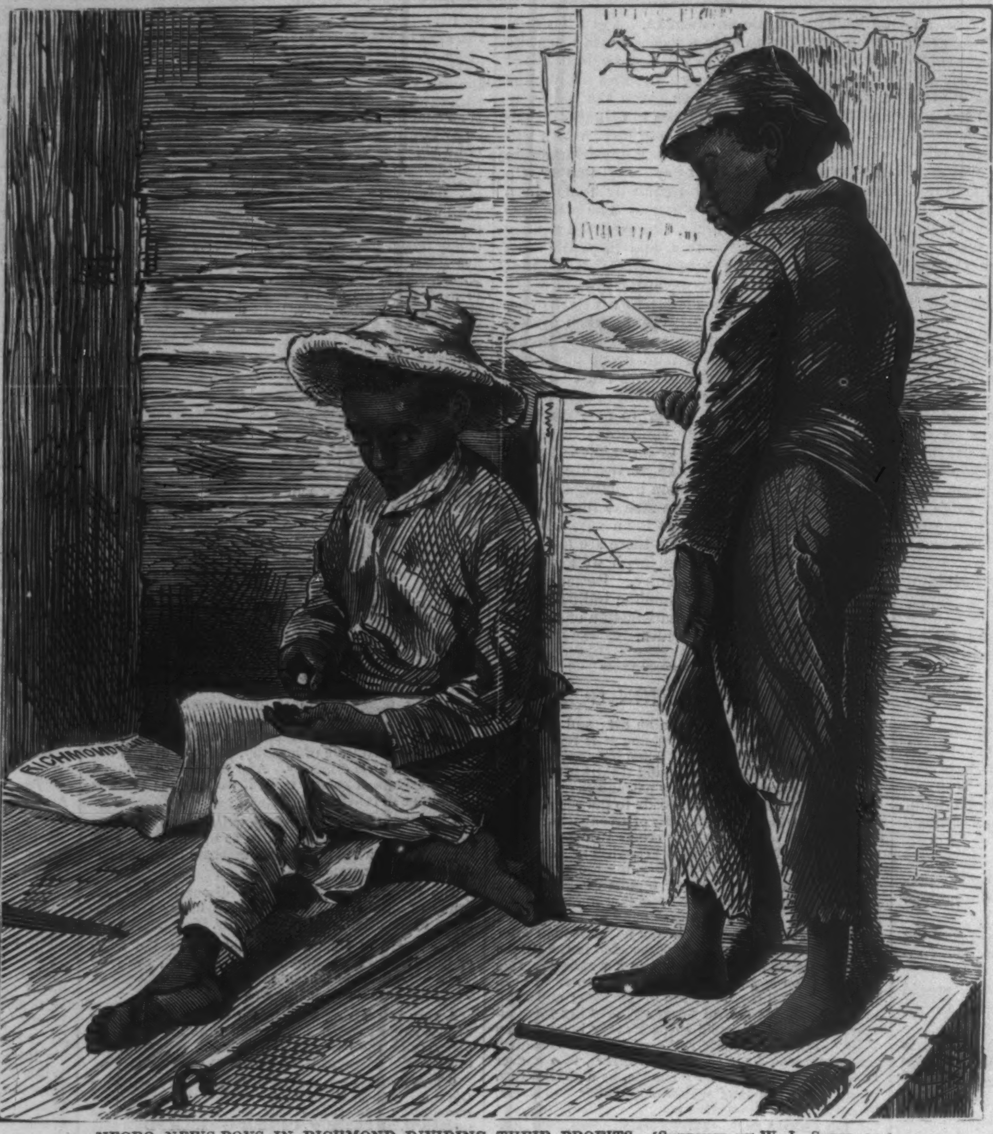
And on she passed as the night came down
With its dusky mantle upon the town,
And one by one each glimmering light
In the dazzled street-lamps gathered bright,
And the twinkling stars in the azure sky
Looked calmly down from their homes on high,
As once again in her attic room
She sat alone in the twilight gloom.

Oh, mothers whose hearts are warm with love;
Oh, sweet young wife with cheeks like the rose;
Oh, maiden, you with the eyes of a dove,
Thank God for the comforts His hand bestows;
For on rich and poor though his rain may fall,
Such blessings as yours are not given to all!

FOOT-RACE ON THE FASHION COURSE.

CONSIDERABLE interest, both in this country and in Canada, has centred about the notable foot-race which came off on the Fashion Course, Long Island, on the 23d of November, between the "Flying Boy of Kingston," E. D. DAVIS, of New York, and J. WESLEY COZAD, the "California Plow-boy," for a purse of $4500.

In the pools COZAD stood 20 to DAVIS'S 18; COZAD'S friends were ready to offer odds. At 1.30 P.M. DAVIS was ready for the race, and shortly after, COZAD came on. Then judges were chosen for each, and the time-keeper and starter appointed. At 1.50 the men were formed in line, each man having a set track. The race was to be run by a "scratch start," each man to start 15 feet from the starting-point of the 125 yards, and not to run the race until both had come over the line, which is a great advantage. After four false starts COZAD got over the line, thinking DAVIS would follow him, which, by accident, DAVIS did, he really not meaning to go at the time. He was called back by some of his friends, but it was too late, and both men were off. COZAD had two feet start. DAVIS got to running right away, and gradually came up with him. The men seemed to run side by side for about 50 yards, when COZAD put on all steam and gradually left DAVIS, and when 100 yards had been completed DAVIS was fully six feet behind. The latter, nevertheless, tried his best, but he did not seem to have sufficient energy to close the gap, and COZAD gradually gained and outran DAVIS, and won by 8 feet. The time occupied was about 12 seconds. DAVIS had been very confident, and had wagered his diamonds, two watches, and a ring on the race.



NEGRO NEWS-BOYS IN RICHMOND DIVIDING THEIR PROFITS.—[SKETCHED BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

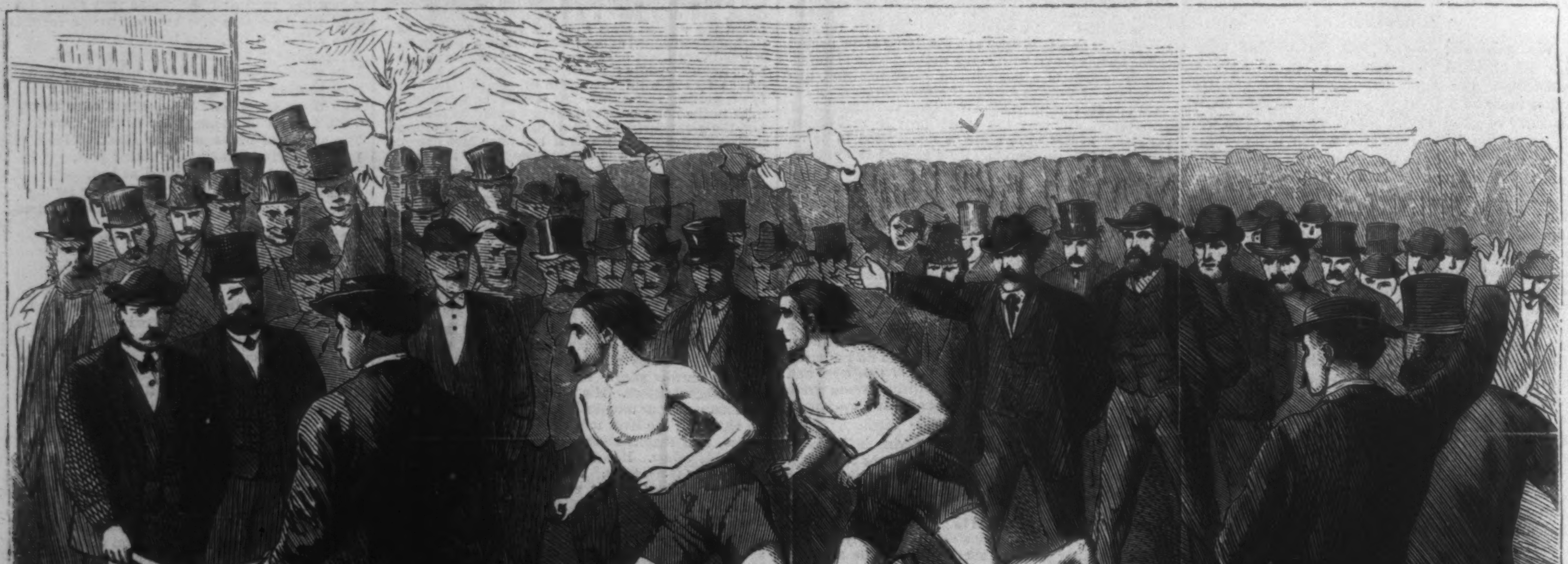
THE PHILADELPHIA TRAGEDY.

THE recent murder of Mrs. MARY E. HILL in Philadelphia by her son-in-law (as is supposed) has excited greater interest than any similar tragedy since the BURDELL murder in New York city over ten years ago. The present instance, however, differs very materially from the former one in all the grand elements which go to make up a "sensation." The BURDELL murder was surrounded by a mystery which has never been fully solved even yet. This Philadelphia murder, on the other hand, is memorable not on account of any insoluble and perplexing problem demanding a solution, but by reason of its sheer brutality—a brutality not relieved by the the slightest circumstance which could make the tragedy interesting on intellectual grounds, except, perhaps, the wealth and aristocratic associations of the family.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* on November 23—the day after the murder—published the following account:

"A horrible murder was committed last night at the large, aristocratic residence situated at the northeast corner of Tenth and Pine streets, and the victim was an elderly lady named Mrs. MARY E. HILL, who owns and occupies the property, and whose name appears on the door of the house on a silver plate. The murder was one of the most brutal and revolting ones that has occurred in this city for years, and the following particulars were obtained by our reporter at a late hour last night: About 9.30 o'clock last night, as Policeman HOWARD was patroling his beat on Pine Street above Tenth, he was hailed by a citizen who resides on Pine Street below Tenth, directly opposite the garden of the house where the murder was committed, who informed him that something must be wrong at Mrs. HILL'S residence, and asked him to make an investigation. HOWARD rang the bell, and it was answered by a man named GEORGE S. TWITCHELL, a son-in-law of the murdered woman, and who, in company with his wife (Mrs. HILL'S daughter) resided with the deceased, the three being the only occupants of the large and very handsomely furnished house. The officer asked TWITCHELL what was the matter in the house, when TWITCHELL replied that a woman had fallen out of the window and killed herself. The officer then entered and was conducted by TWITCHELL to the dining-room on the lower floor, where, stretched out on a settee, was the murdered body of Mrs. HILL, covered with blood and bearing the evident marks of violence about her head, as though she had been struck two or three times with some iron missile. TWITCHELL and his wife were then secured and assistance called in, when an examination of the premises was made, and but little room was left for doubt that Mrs. HILL had been foully dealt with, her body thrown from the second-story sitting-room window into the garden that adjoins the house on Pine Street, for the officers, on entering the sitting-room mentioned, found a sofa clotted with blood, and pools of blood on the floor in close proximity to it. A cushion on the sofa also contained blood, and it was torn as though some blows aimed at the deceased had missed and struck the cushion. The blood was then traced through the sitting-room to the window of a small room that adjoins it on the east. The sill of this window was covered with blood, and it was evident that it had been opened and the body thrown into the yard. An examination of the ground disclosed a large pool of blood directly under the window mentioned, and the congealed condition of this blood when discovered indicated that the body had lain there some time before the officer entered the house. TWITCHELL stated that when Mrs. HILL fell or threw herself from the window, he, in company with a servant girl who came home about that time, went into the yard and carried her into the dining-room and laid her on the settee, but did not attempt to explain how the blood came on the sofa and floor of the sitting-room up stairs. Blood was also traced from the sitting-room to the stairway leading down to the first-floor, showing conclusively that after the perpetration of the murder the murderer went down stairs. A poker was afterward found in the yard that contained blood on it, and was undoubtedly used to commit the murder. TWITCHELL was taken to the Eighth Ward station-house. He had blood on his shirt when taken there. Mrs. TWITCHELL was retained at the house where the murder was committed, which was held in charge of Sergeant PENNINGTON and a posse of police during the night. Mrs. TWITCHELL appeared to be very much concerned about her husband, and spoke to the officers more about him than her murdered mother. There does not appear to have been any struggle in the room (a neatly furnished one) where the murder was committed, as every thing was in order, and the theory is, that Mrs. HILL was lying down on the sofa asleep when she was approached and struck on the head with the poker mentioned, and her body then thrown into the yard.

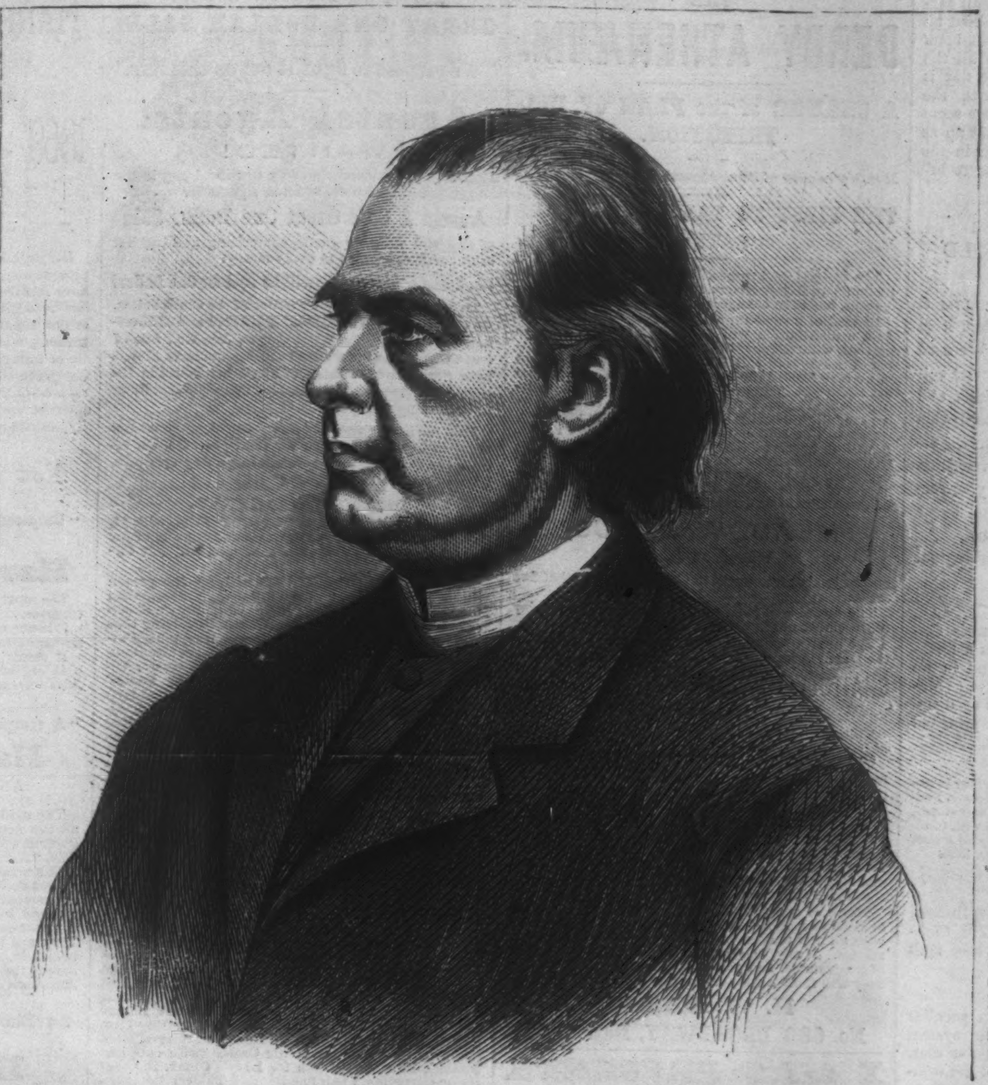
"The animus of the murder has not yet been discovered, and it is not known on what kind of terms Mrs. HILL and her daughter and son-in-law lived together. TWITCHELL is a strong, healthy-looking man, about 32 years of age."



THE FOOT-RACE ON "FASHION COURSE," LONG ISLAND, NOVEMBER 23, 1868.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

It has since been discovered that a motive existed for the perpetration of the crime by Mr. **TWITCHELL**. It is true that neither he nor his wife could inherit Mrs. **HILL**'s property upon her decease. But it appears that shortly after the removal of the family to the house at Tenth and Pine streets, Mrs. **HILL** directed her son-in-law to negotiate for the purchase of this property. This was done, but the deed of conveyance was fraudulently made out in the name of **TWITCHELL**'s wife. The fraud was at length discovered, and the old lady determined to institute a legal prosecution for the recovery of the property. It was, probably, in order to thwart this attempt that the murder was committed. How far Mrs. **TWITCHELL** was implicated does not yet appear.

The coroner's inquest was held on the 24th, and the verdict of the jury was that Mrs. **HILL** "came to her death by violence at the hands of **GEORGE S. TWITCHELL** and **CAMILLA TWITCHELL**, his wife." The evidence offered on the inquest quite clearly proved that garments belonging to **TWITCHELL** were stained with blood, and that these were not worn by him when he assisted in carrying the murdered woman up stairs.



DR. ABRAM N. LITTLEJOHN, PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF LONG ISLAND.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. H. WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN.]

BISHOP A. N. LITTLEJOHN.

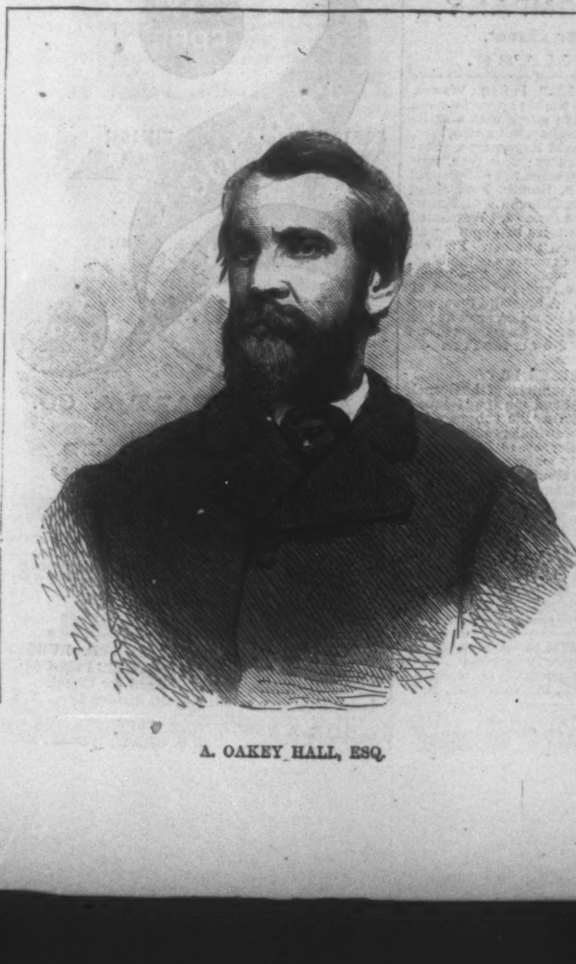
THREE new dioceses have recently been carved out of the State of New York by the Episcopal Convention held in this city last October. One of these is the diocese of Long Island, of which, on the 19th of November, the Rev. **ABRAM N. LITTLEJOHN** was elected Bishop. He was born in Montgomery County, New York, on the 13th of December, 1824. He graduated at Union College in 1845, and on the 18th of March, 1848, was admitted to the diaconate at Auburn. He officiated at St. Ann's Church, Amsterdam, New York, for one year, and at St. Andrew's Church, Meriden, Connecticut, for ten months, when, on the 10th of April, 1850, he entered upon the rectorship of Christ Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, where he remained about a year. While connected with this church he was ordained to the priesthood. In July, 1851, he entered upon the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, New Haven, Connecticut, where he remained until the spring of 1860, when, on Easter-Sunday, commenced his duties at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, where he has remained up to this time. Dr. **LITTLEJOHN** was a few weeks since elected Bishop of Western New York, but there is little doubt of his accepting his last election. In 1853 Dr. **LITTLEJOHN** delivered the first of a course of lectures given in Philadelphia during the fall and winter by various bishops and clergymen. His subject was "The Philosophy of Religion," afterward published. In 1856 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Pennsylvania. In 1858 he was unanimously elected President of Hobart College, Geneva, New York, but declined the offer. For ten years he performed the duty of Lecturer on Pastoral Theology at the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Connecticut. He has been prominently connected with the missionary work of the Church as a member of the Domestic Committee of the Board of Missions. He is also a trustee of St. Stephen's College, and of the General Theological Seminary of New York; a member of the Executive Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Freedman's Commission; a director of the Society for the Increase of the Ministry; and a member of the Executive Committee of the Sunday School Union and Church Book Society. He has been for several years President of the Homes for the Aged and Orphan on the church charity foundation, Brooklyn, and Vice-President of the Kings County Convocation for Church Extension.

A. OAKEY HALL.

A. OAKEY HALL, Esq., whose portrait we publish on this page, and who was recently the District Attorney of this city, will, if he lives, be the Mayor-elect of New York before this sketch meets the eyes of our readers. He is of an old Knickerbocker family, and is now in his forty-third year. For nearly twenty years he has occupied a prominent position at the metropolitan bar. He is not only well known as a lawyer, but also as a politician and a littérateur.

Mr. **HALL**, having been connected with all the celebrated legal cases in New York city for fifteen years—mainly on the side of the prosecution—has become, through the metropolitan press, well known to the nation at large. **JAMES T. BRADY** and himself are recognized as the witty *duo* of the New York Bar. He was a student at the Cambridge Law School during the professorship of Judge **STORY**. Thence he went to New Orleans, where he passed one or two years in the study of civil law. He was a student in the offices of **SLIDELL** and **BENJAMIN**.

As District Attorney in 1866 Mr. **HALL** received a majority of nearly 40,000, and the result of our Charter election will probably show that he is equally successful as a competitor in a wider field of action. In his late speech at Tammany Hall he declared that he would rather be Mayor of New York city than President.

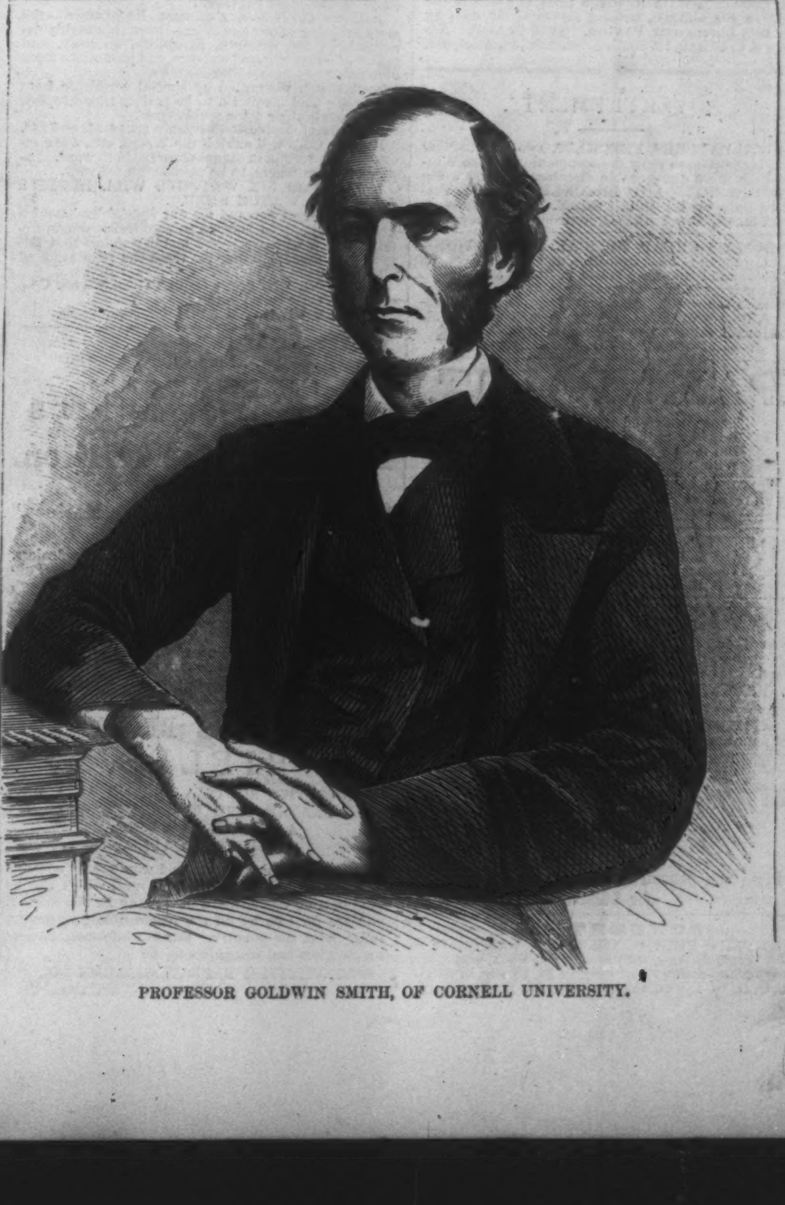


A. OAKEY HALL, ESQ.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

A **FEW** weeks ago Princeton College was rejoicing over the acquisition of Dr. M'COSH as its President. Cornell University has equal reason to be proud of *her* importation of a Professor of History. The acquisition in a single year of two of England's most distinguished scholars and most useful citizens is a memorable event in the history of American institutions.

GOLDWIN SMITH, who recently arrived in this country to enter upon his official duties as Professor of History in Cornell University, was born in 1823 at Reading, England, where his father was a physician. He received his education at Oxford, where he was graduated in 1845, carrying off some of the most important scholarships and prizes. Like many English gentlemen of education, he was called to the bar, but never practiced. He was Secretary to the two Oxford Commissions, and was a member of the Education Commission of 1859. In 1866 he resigned the Professorship of History at Oxford, which he had held for some time. **GOLDWIN SMITH** has written largely during the last few years, his Lectures on Modern History and on the Study of History being best known. His latest work was an historical study on the three English statesmen, **PYM**, **CROMWELL**, and **PITT**. He has written besides as a journalist, and has contributed to various literary publications. He is one of the most liberal of English scholars, and all his writings are fraught with the spirit of liberty.



PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

LIFE IN SPAIN.

CERTAINLY the Spaniards are a most peculiar people. The lives of the regular old Spanish families in Madrid (we do not allude to those of high rank) are as singularly unaltered as those of any in the world. As a rule Spaniards never stir away from Madrid at any part of the year. They live on separate floors of houses, a floor to a family; society is perfectly unknown among them, according to our meaning of the word, especially among the women, whose only dissipation from year's end to year's end is their constant attendance at the churches. Owing to the astonishing number of saints' days there is scarcely a day in the week when there is not some especial service, some famous preacher to be heard, some especial mass to be attended; and should none of these causes bring them out they are sure of finding the churches open, and thither they go and select some chapel where they offer up their prayers to a favorite saint. Every thing connected with the outward observances of religion is to them an excitement and an occupation. The men, on the contrary, find their amusement in constant smoking. Clubs, up to a late period, were little frequented by Spaniards, but some change is creeping on in this respect. They are all for outward show, both men and women; and as long as they can manage to keep a miserable-looking pair of horses to draw an antiquated sort of carriage along the public drives, they care not what privations they suffer in their domestic arrangements. They are naturally very small eaters, and adhere strictly to the fasts enjoined by their religion. The universal siesta, that boon to the dwellers in hot climates, closes all the shops at one o'clock till the heat of the day is over. Every one retreats within doors, the streets are all deserted, even the beggars seem to disappear, and the houses are all shut up as if the inhabitants had left them. Then in the evening the whole world seems to come to life again.

[Mrs. Secretary McCulloch's Report.]

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Wife of Secretary U. S. Treasury, Washington.

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THE FIRST TO TAKE PLACE SATURDAY, DEC. 5th.

The undersigned respectfully begs to state that the plan of THE DERBY ATHENÆUM, as set forth in its Prospectus, has been changed, as follows:

Instead of a semi-annual distribution of WORKS OF ART, a distribution will be made MONTHLY to its patrons, without regard to amount of sales. The number of tickets sold will be in the same proportion, and in no case exceed the amount stated. There will be but twenty-five hundred tickets sold for the first distribution, at $5 each, the purchaser in all cases receiving the full value of his money in the books purchased, which will be sold at the Publishers' Lowest Prices. It will be observed that the change gives to the patrons of the ATHENÆUM the same *pro rata* as the former plan, but the advantage of more frequent distribution of choice works of art. The first premium to be awarded will be JAMES M. HART'S

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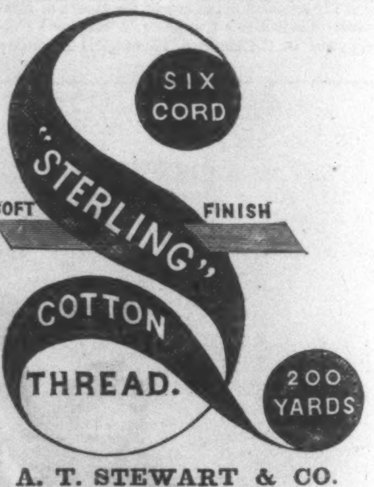

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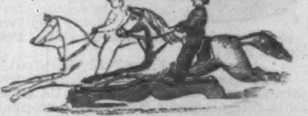

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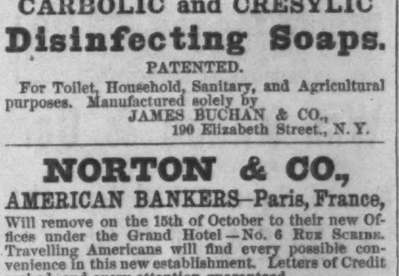

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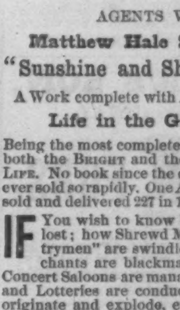

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